


JUMBO COMICS



Sheena,
Jungle Queen in
"SPOOR OF THE SABRE-
HORN TIGER"
— also —
The HAWK-GHOST GALLERY
AND MANY OTHERS —



No. 91
SEPT.
10¢

JUMBO COMICS

Sheena,
Jungle Queen in
"SPOUR OF THE SABRE"
HORN TIGER
— also —
The HAWK-GHOST GALLERY
AND MANY OTHERS —



No. 91
SEPT.
10¢

This comic is brought to you by the collaborative efforts of various individuals. The book's owner, Jim Vadeboncoeur Jr. (known to most as JVJ), has graciously made his incredible collection of books available to the world via a network of trusted scanners, who prepare these rare treasures for digital preservation and sharing with the world. In this case, a second copy of the book (in my collection) was required for scans of damaged pages in Jim's book (outer wraps)

Shared at the communities

Fiction House Factory (Yahoo Groups), hosted by the venerable Yocitrus Golden Age Comics (<http://goldenagecomics.co.uk>) and The Digital Comic Museum (<http://digitalcomicmuseum.com>)

Visit them, support them, and contribute to the JVJ Postage Fund, which enables the ongoing efforts to bring Public Domain treasures such as this to the public eye. You wouldn't be laying eyes on this without their ongoing efforts.

Scanned, edited, compiled and posted by BuilderBoy.



JUMBO COMICS



No. 91
SEPT.
10¢

Sheena,
Jungle Queen in
"SPOOR OF THE SABRE-
HORN TIGER"
—also—
The HAWK-GHOST GALLERY
AND MANY OTHERS—



The BIG

OF THE COMICS!

EACH ONE A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!

ON SALE-25TH



ON SALE-25TH



ON SALE-1ST



WHY
GUESS?
Get the
best!



ON SALE-1ST

ON SALE-5TH



ON SALE-10TH



LOOK FOR THE

BULL'S-EYE!



A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

JUMBO COMICS, No. 91, Sept., 1946. Published monthly by Real Adventures Pub. Co., Inc., 670 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. T. T. Scott, Pres.; J. F. Byrne, Mgr. Editor; Claude E. Lapham, Editor; S. M. Iger, Art Director. Re-entered as second-class matter Dec. 19, 1939, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyrighted, 1946, by Real Adventures Pub. Co., Inc. Yearly subscription in U. S. \$1.20; Foreign \$1.60. Single copies 10¢ in U. S. For advertising rates: Advertising Director, Fiction House, Inc., 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Printed in U.S.A.

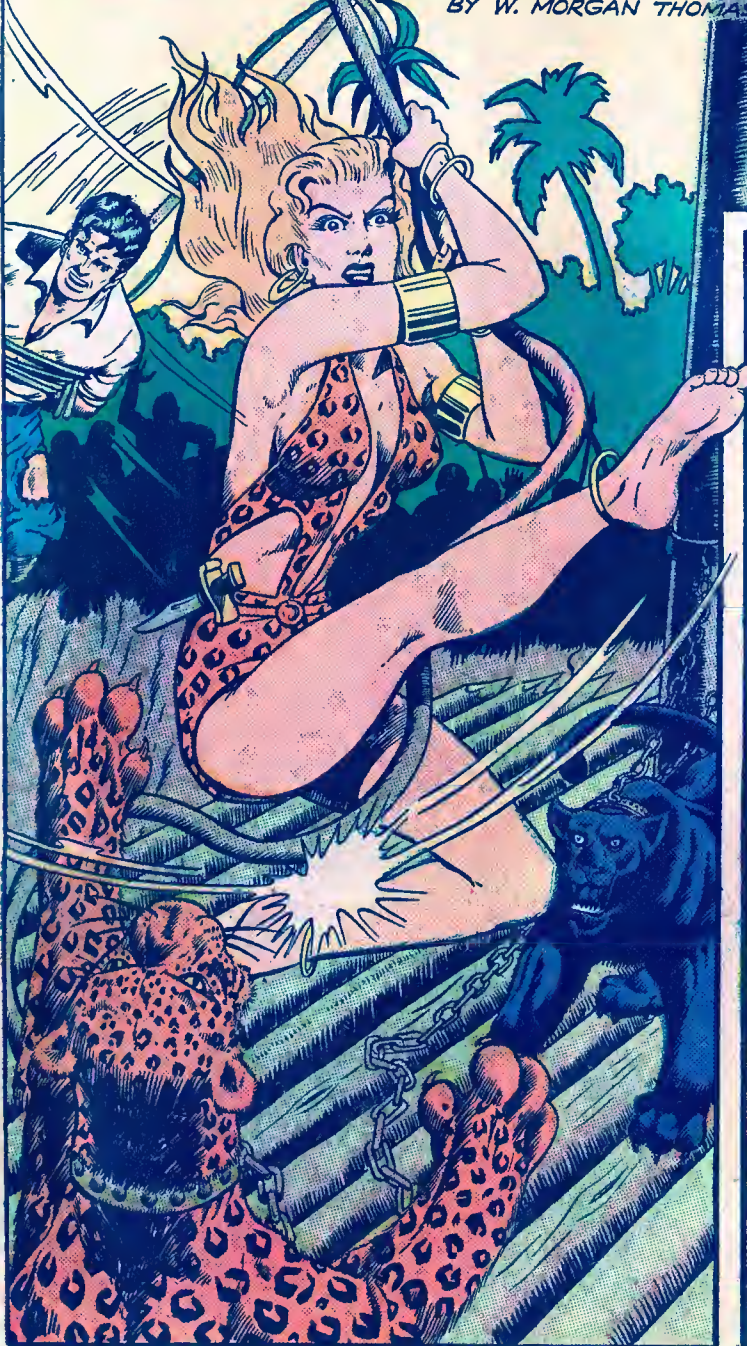
NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 92, OCT.) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND SEPT. 1st.

SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle

BY W. MORGAN THOMAS

THE ANCIENTS HAD PLANNED WELL TO GUARD THEIR TREASURE... FOR ONLY WHEN A CERTAIN OFFERING BE BROUGHT WOULD THE TREASURE DOORS BE OPENED. AND, WISELY, THEY HAD NAMED TRIBUTE THAT COULD NOT BE... OR **COULD IT?**



COME, BOB, WE MUST LEAVE FOR THE T'GANA VILLAGE. IT IS TIME FOR US TO BRING OUR OFFERING TO THEIR IDOL.

BUT WHAT'S THIS LEGEND ABOUT THE IDOL? ISN'T THE KEY TO THE TREASURE TEMPLE SUPPOSED TO BE TURNED OVER IF THE PROPER TRIBUTE IS OFFERED?



SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle

BY W. MORGAN THOMAS

THE ANCIENTS HAD PLANNED WELL TO GUARD THEIR TREASURE... FOR ONLY WHEN A CERTAIN OFFERING BE BROUGHT WOULD THE TREASURE DOORS BE OPENED. AND, WISELY, THEY HAD NAMED TRIBUTE THAT COULD NOT BE... OR COULD IT?

COME, BOB, WE MUST LEAVE FOR THE T'GANA VILLAGE. IT IS TIME FOR US TO BRING OUR OFFERING TO THEIR IDOL.

BUT WHAT'S THIS LEGEND ABOUT THE IDOL? ISN'T THE KEY TO THE TREASURE TEMPLE SUPPOSED TO BE TURNED OVER IF THE PROPER TRIBUTE IS OFFERED?



YES, BUT IT IS SOMETHING THAT CAN NEVER COME TO PASS, BOB... AN ANTELOPE WITH THE STRIPES OF A TIGER.

ENOUGH. I'M REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU IN THE VILLAGE CONTESTS.

THEN LET US BE OFF... HARK! THE SOUND OF A THUNDERSTICK... AND THAT FRIGHTENED TUSKED ONE! COME!

NEARBY...

HURRY, YOU FOOLS! MAKE YOUR DOGS DRIVE THAT BEAST INTO TH' GORGE, BUT IF ANY MUTT SO MUCH AS SCRATCHES HIM, I'LL GIVE 'IM A SLUG IN HIS BELLY FOR HIS TROUBLE!

EASY, NEVINS, GIVE 'EM A CHANCE!

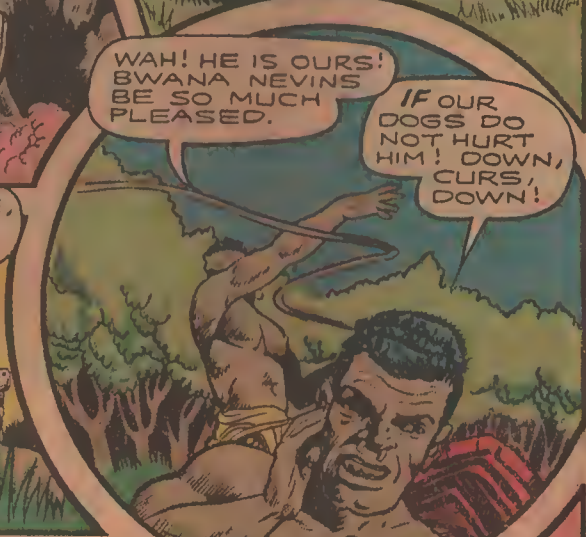


WAH! HE IS OURS! BWANA NEVINS BE SO MUCH PLEASED.

IF OUR DOGS DO NOT HURT HIM! DOWN, CURS, DOWN!



WING TRUE, VINE, MISS NOT THE WHITE CREATURE!



MINUTES LATER...

THAT'S HALF THE BATTLE, SHORTY... NOW TO CASH IN ON IT. THERE'S A MILLION BUCKEROOS IN THIS FOR US, IF WE PLAY OUR CARDS RIGHT.

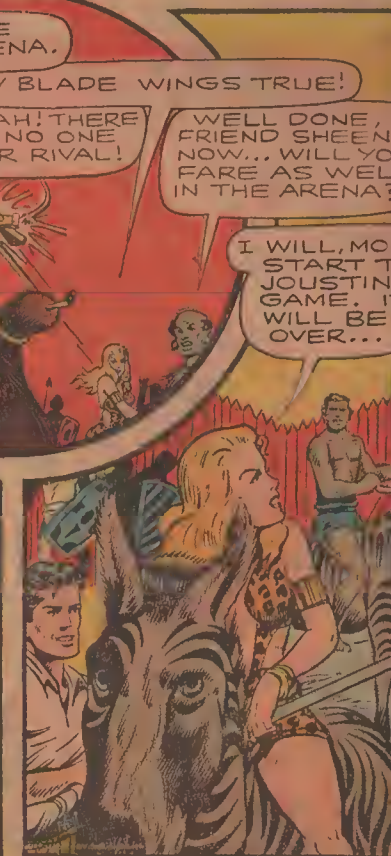
DON'T BE A PIKER, NEVINS. MEBBE TWO MILLION!

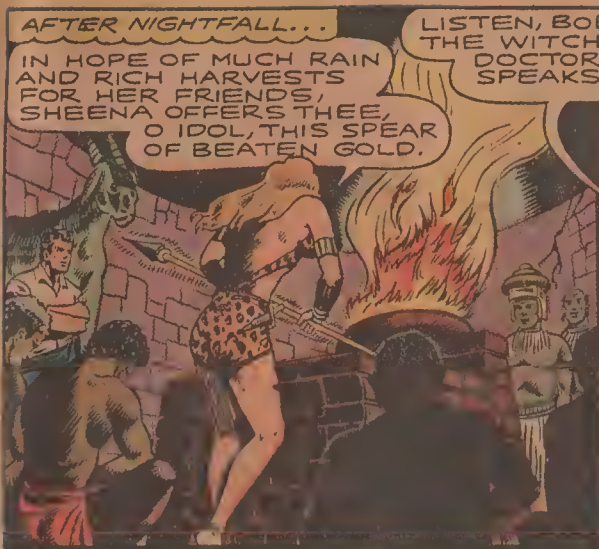


BUT MEN ARE NOT THE ONLY GREEDY CREATURES IN THE JUNGLE...









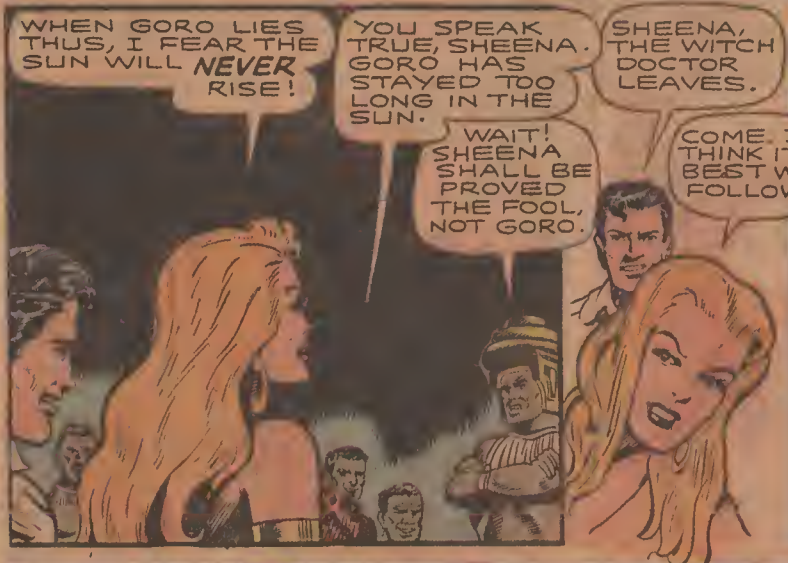
AFTER NIGHTFALL...

IN HOPE OF MUCH RAIN AND RICH HARVESTS FOR HER FRIENDS, SHEENA OFFERS THEE, O IDOL, THIS SPEAR OF BEATEN GOLD.

LISTEN, BOB... THE WITCH DOCTOR SPEAKS.



WAH! I, GORO, SHALL BRING A FAR GREATER GIFT... THE ANTELOPE WITH THE STRIPES OF A TIGER... YOU SHALL SEE IT WHEN THE SUN RISES.



WHEN GORO LIES THUS, I FEAR THE SUN WILL **NEVER** RISE!

YOU SPEAK TRUE, SHEENA. GORO HAS STAYED TOO LONG IN THE SUN.

WAIT! SHEENA SHALL BE PROVED THE FOOL, NOT GORO.

SHEENA, THE WITCH DOCTOR LEAVES.

COME. I THINK IT BEST WE FOLLOW



SOON... GORO GOES TO THE WHITE MEN, BOB... BUT I CANNOT SEE WHAT THEY ARE DOING... WE MUST GET CLOSER...

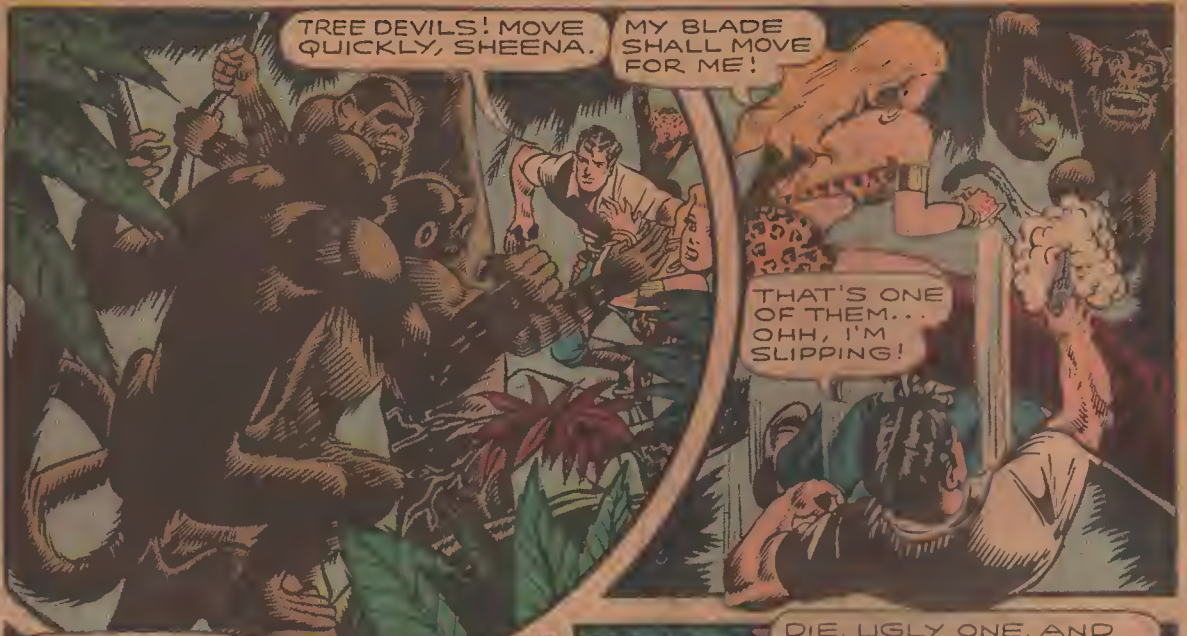


THE MOMENT NEARS, BWANA NEVINS... YOU BEGIN SOON?

WE'LL BE READY ALL RIGHT.

TAKE YOUR TIME, GORO. THOSE TIGER STRIPES HAVE GOT TO LOOK REAL.

CHIM, WHY ARE YOU... WHAT! SHEENA, LOOK BEHIND YOU!



TREE DEVILS! MOVE QUICKLY, SHEENA.

MY BLADE SHALL MOVE FOR ME!

THAT'S ONE OF THEM...
OHH, I'M SLIPPING!



WHAT'S THAT? A MAN! GORO, YOU FOOL, YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWED.

THE MATE OF SHEENA!



DIE, UGLY ONE, AND ATTACK NO MORE BY NIGHT... OR DAY. BOB!



SHEENA SWINGS ACROSS THE STREAM. THE MOONLIGHT MAKES OF HER A TARGET.

CAN'T LET HER GET AWAY. DO YOUR STUFF, SHORTY.



THE THUNDER-STICK HAS DAZED ME. I CANNOT HOLD...

OHH!



THERE SHE GOES, NEVINS. SEE, SHE'S NOT SWIMMING. THE STREAM'LL FINISH HER OFF FOR US.

NOW TO GIVE HER MATE THE SAME DOSE.

WAIT! THERE IS ANOTHER WAY. FOR SCOFFING AT GORO, THIS ONE WILL NOT HAVE SUCH AN EASY DEATH.

LATER... AS DAWN BREAKS...

THE ACTIONS OF GORO ARE STRANGE INDEED. AND I LIKE THEM NOT. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THE MATE OF SHEENA?

HEAR ME.

MY OFFERING IS... THE ANTELOPE WITH THE STRIPES OF A TIGER! FEAST YOUR EYES!

TRULY MIRACULOUS, O GORO. THE KEY TO THE TREASURE ROOM SHALL BE YOURS!

THIS LAWLESS ONE ATTACKED TO ROB ME. BUT THE WHITE HUNTERS GUARDED WELL THE OFFERING I BRING.

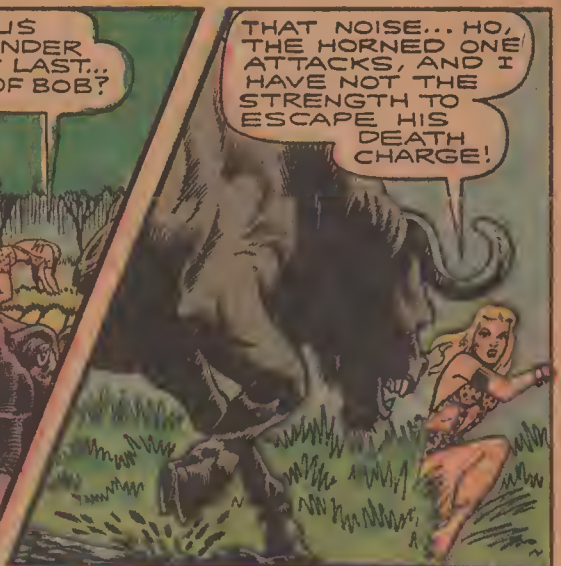
WE SHALL SEE. LET US GO TO THE ALTAR.

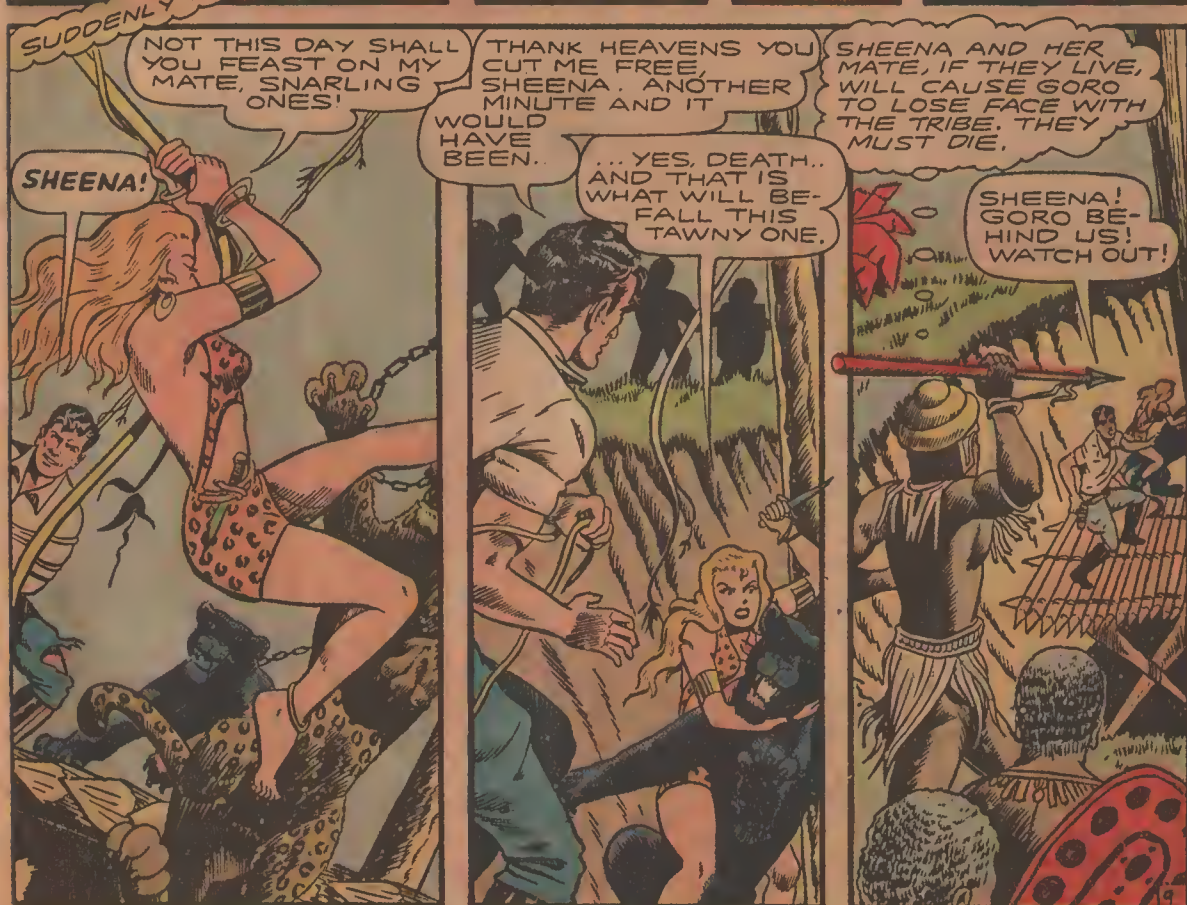
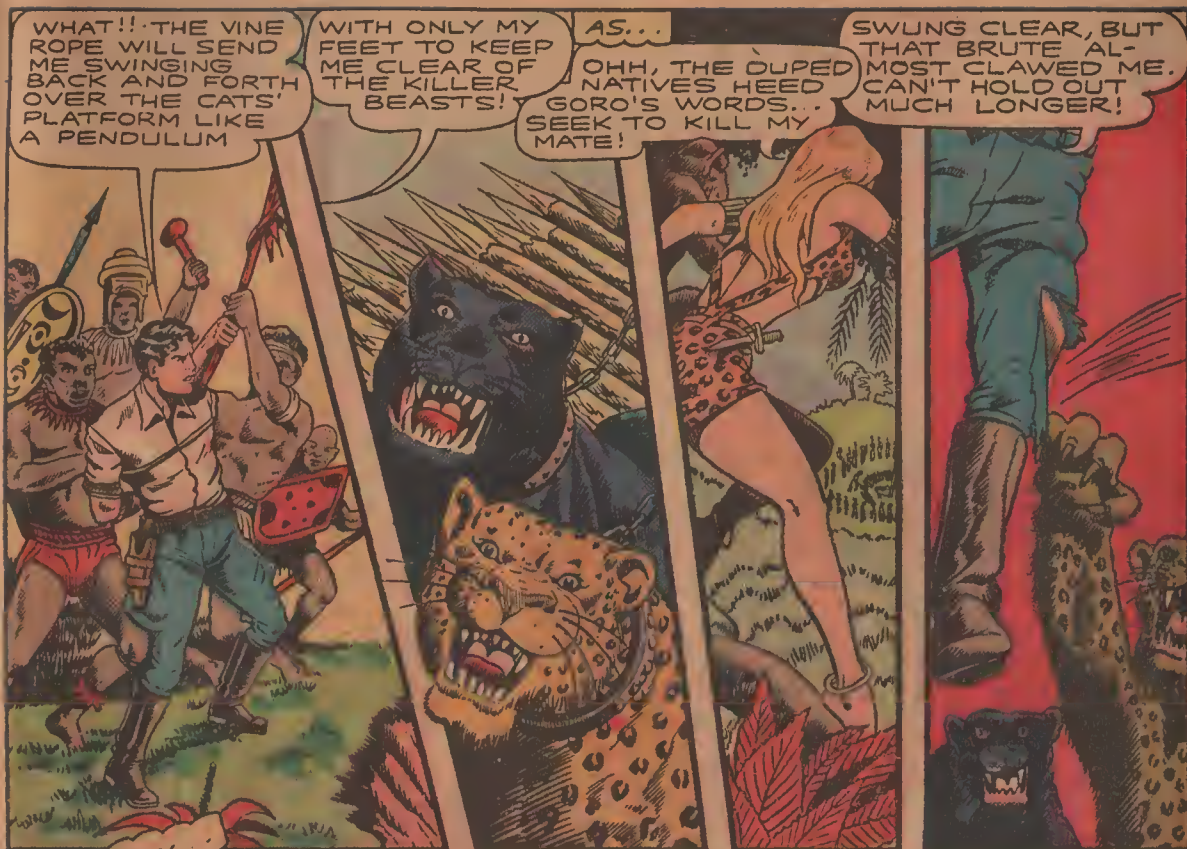
WAH!

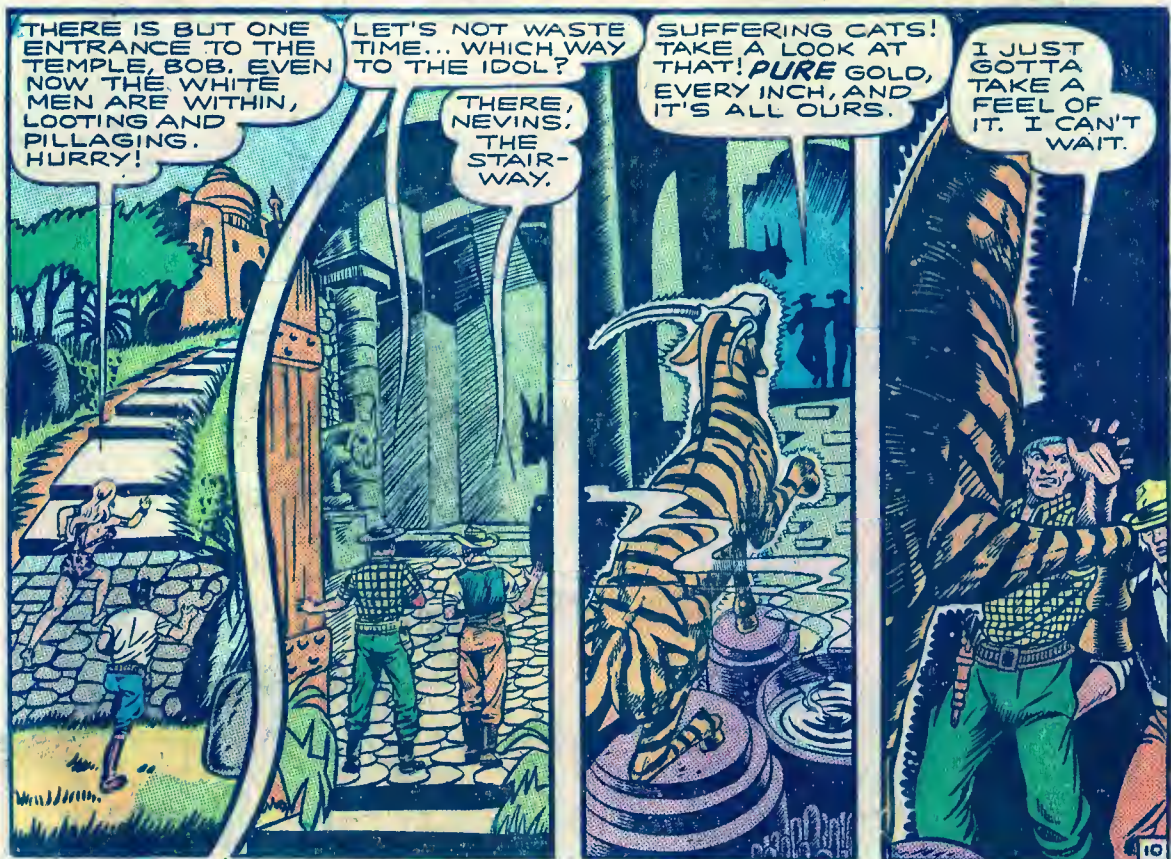
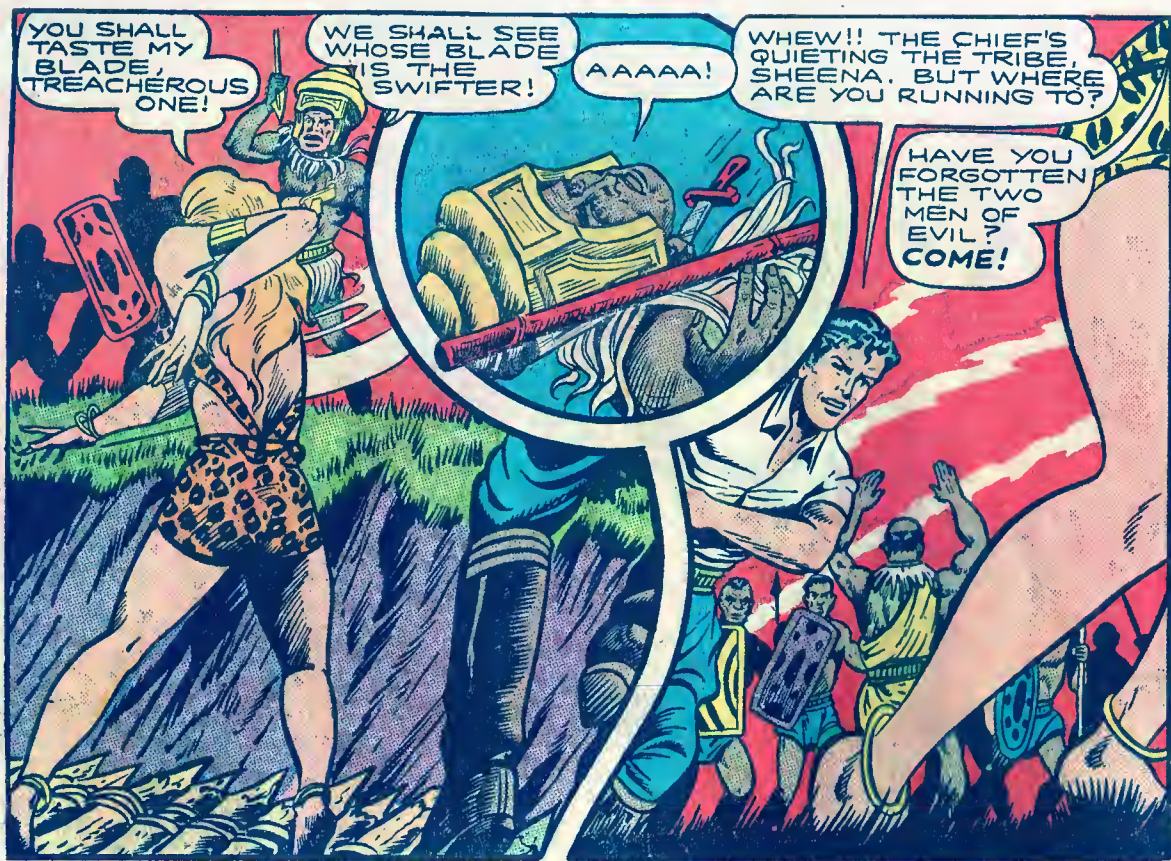
HERE IS THE KEY, GORO. THE VAST WEALTH OF THE IDOL BECOMES YOUR HERITAGE.

IT IS WELL. BUT WAIT... BROTHERS, TAKE THE MATE OF SHEENA TO THE ARENA. AND BRING FORTH OUR CATS!

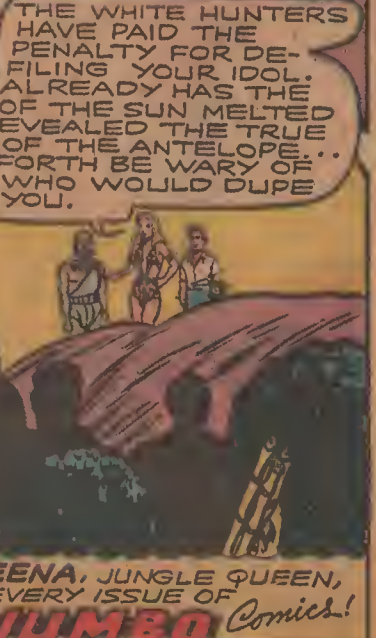
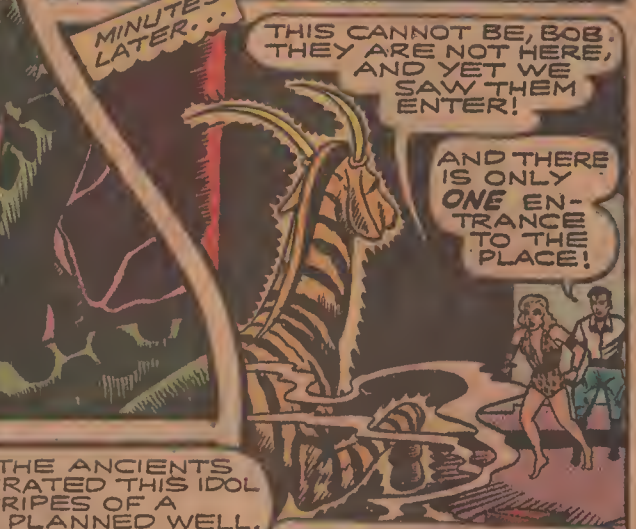
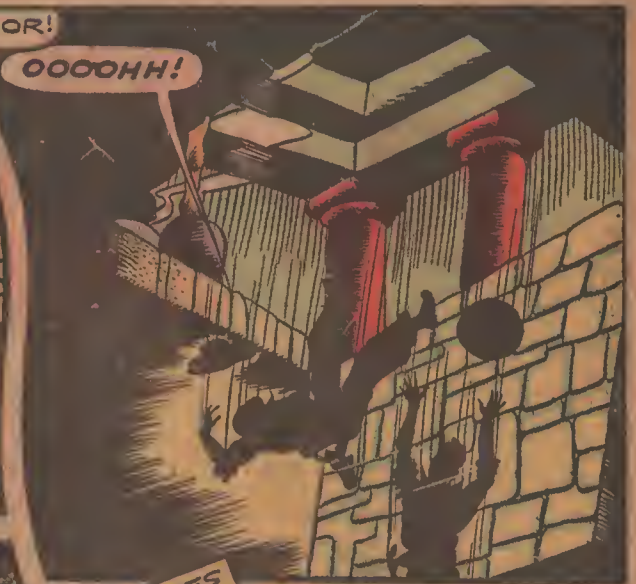
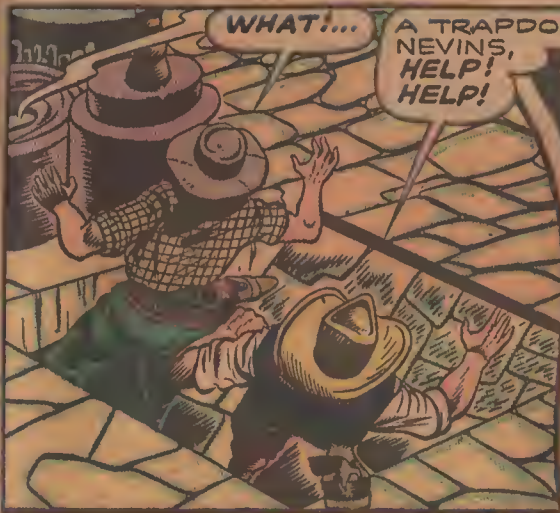
THRUST HIM FORWARD! SHEENA DIED A MERCIFUL DEATH... BUT NOT SO HER MATE!











SHEENA, JUNGLE QUEEN,
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
JUMBO Comics!

The Hawk

BY WILLIS RENSIE

EACH WAVE WHISPERED A TALE OF TERROR! A KILLER WAS LOOSE — RULING THE SEAS WITH THIS BLOOD-FLECKED WHIP! COULD EVEN **THE HAWK** STAND AGAINST THIS RELENTLESS HOUND OF HORROR?

SLOWLY, A SHIP OF THE CROWN PULLS ALONGSIDE THE RAVAGED HULK OF THE SILVER PORPOISE.

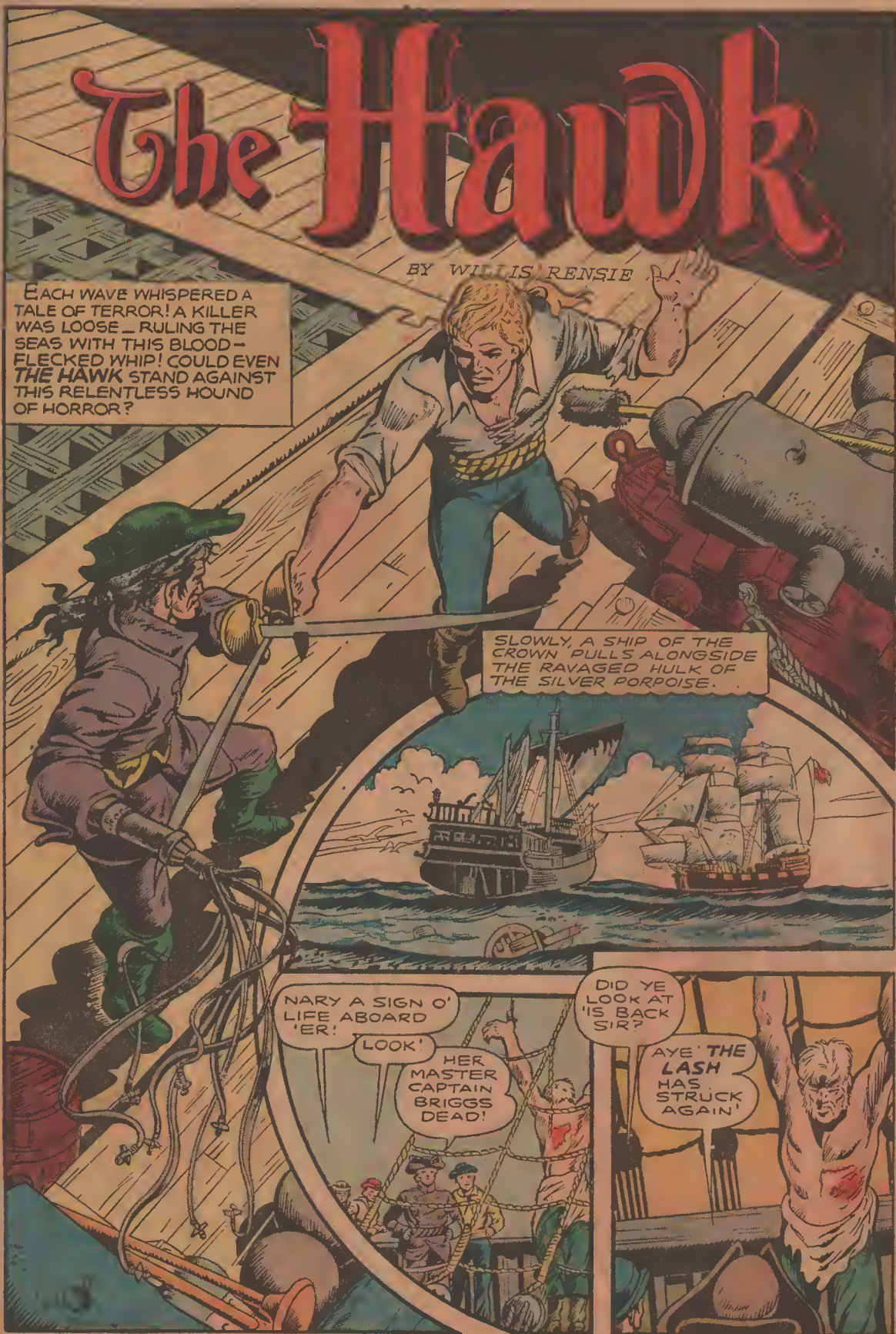
NARY A SIGN O' LIFE ABOARD 'ER!

LOOK!

HER MASTER CAPTAIN BRIGGS DEAD!

DID YE LOOK AT 'IS BACK SIR?

AYE 'THE LASH HAS STRUCK AGAIN!



DAYS PASS... AND THEN...

'T WAS WELL WE JETTISONED THE HEAVIEST O' THE PORPOISE'S CARGO, CAP'N STEALTH!

AYE, MATE! 'TWOULD LOOK A MITE SUSPICIOUS US COMIN' IN SAFE, AND SUNK LOW AT THE WATERLINE...

BRIGGS' JEWELS AND SILK WILL BRING A FAT PRICE...

TRUE... THE VOYAGE WAS WORTH OUR WHILE!

O'YE RECKON THEY'VE 'EARD WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SILVER PORPOISE YET, SIR?

'T IS LIKELY, MATE! COME ALONG TO LLOYDS AND WE'LL JOIN THE MOURNERS WONDERIN' WHO THE LASH CAN BE

AYE, SIR, AND TEARS SHED FOR BRIGGS WILL WASH 'IS BLOOD OFF O' OUR BOOTS, EH?

THEN, IN LLOYDS OF LONDON...

ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN! THE SILVER PORPOISE OUT O' PORTSMOUTH 'AS BEEN PLUNDERED BY THE LASH. ER MASTER'S BODY WAS FOUND... 'IS BACK RIPPED OPEN BY A CAT O' NINE!

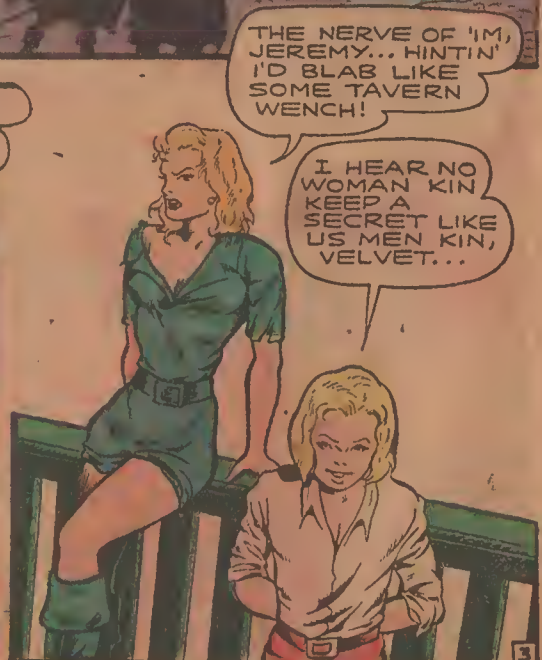
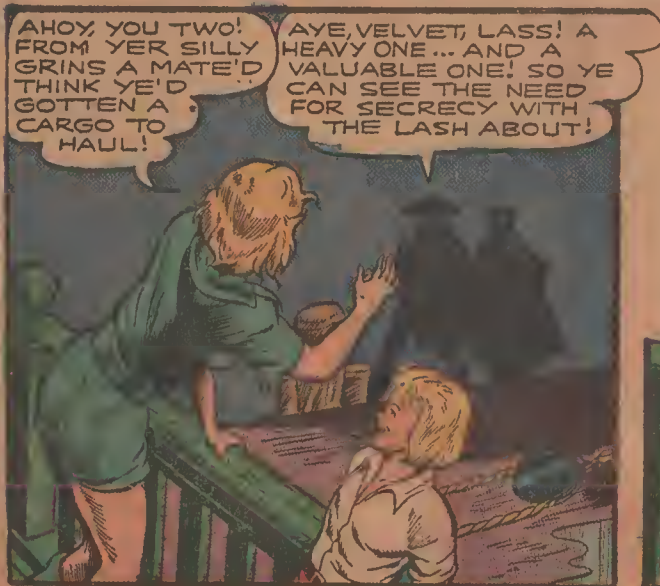
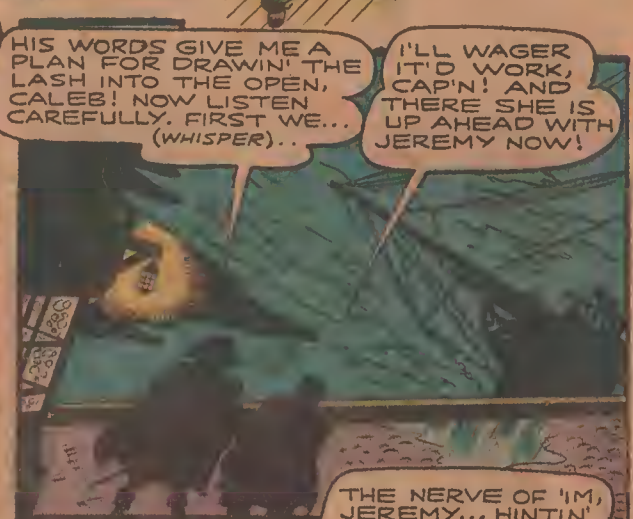
CAPTAIN BRIGGS WAS HER MASTER, CALEB!

'EAR ME OUT, GENTLEMEN! 'ER CREW 'AD WITHOUT DOUBT BEEN FLUNG INTO THE SEA!

IT GRIEVES ME SORELY TO HEAR O' THIS

MANY'S THE TIME WE SAILED WITH BRIGGS!

AYE, CAP'N HAWK! I'D GIVE ME RIGHT EYE TO LAY HANDS ON THE LASH... OR KNOW WHO 'E IS!



DAYS PASS, AS...

DID YE 'EAR? CAP'N 'AWK'S 'AULIN' A CARGO!

A VERY VALUABLE ONE THEY TELLS ME!

A HEAVY ONE, THEY SAY!

WE'LL BE A-PUTTIN' TO SEA, MATE! HAWK'S LADY SCARLETT WILL BE OUR PREY!

AYE, SIR! THE 'OLE TOWN'S BUZZIN' ABOUT THIS RICH CARGO OF HIS!

AND, AT SEA...

WHAT'S THIS CARGO THAT'S GOT US SUNK SO LOW, CAP'N HAWK? 'T WAS A FOOL'S ERRAND YE SENT ME ON WHILE YE WERE LOADIN'.

I'LL TELL YE, VELVET...

'TIS SOLID GOLD! THE PRICE OF AN EMPIRE, LASS!

WHAT!?! SOLID GOLD YE SAY!?

YE RECKON SHE SERVED OUR PURPOSE, CAP'N?

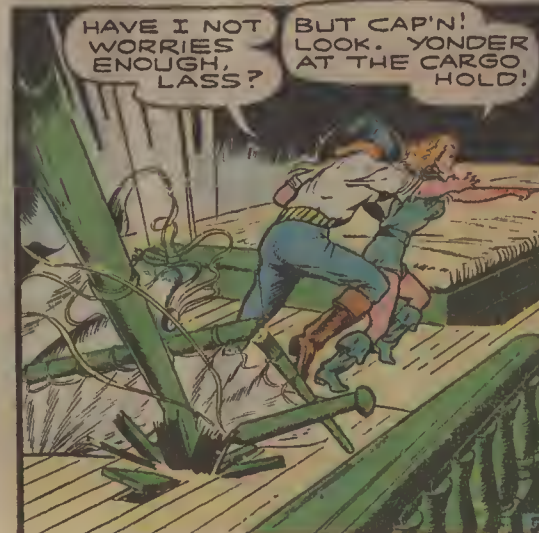
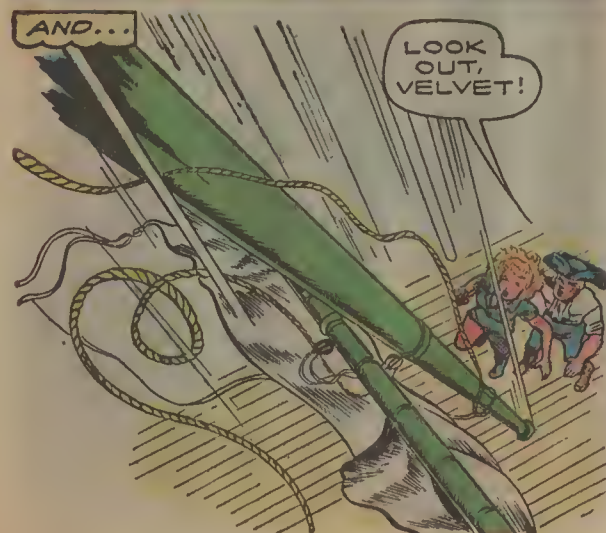
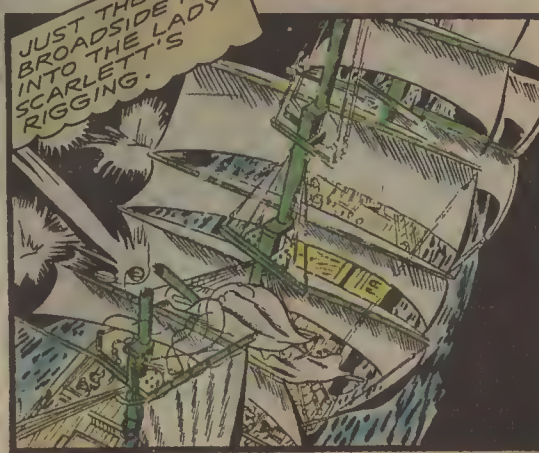
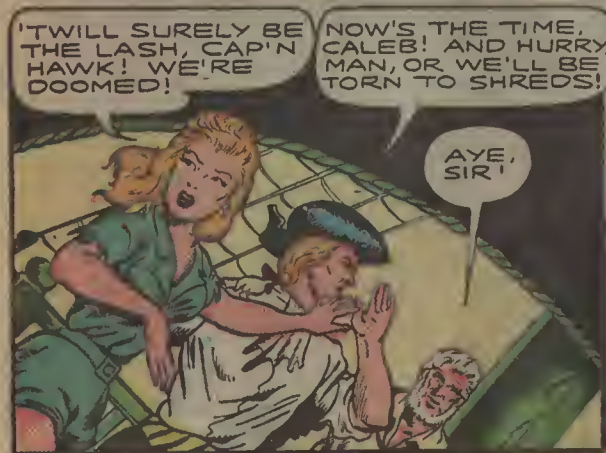
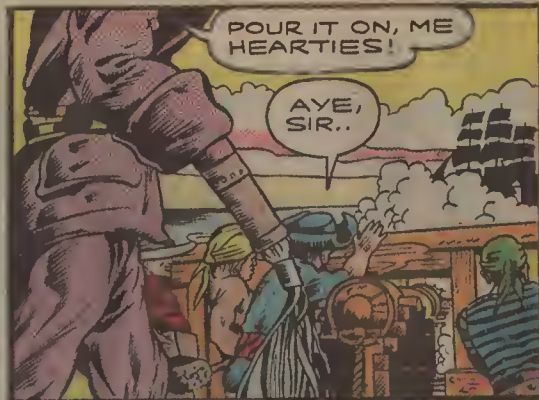
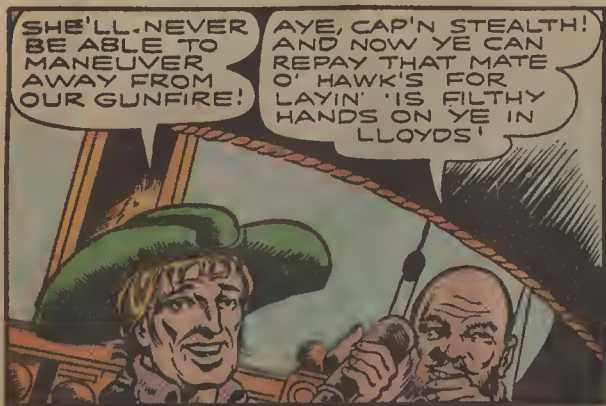
AYE, CALEB! ANY WOMAN WOULD HAVE DONE AS WELL...

THROUGH A TELESCOPE THE LADY SCARLETT IS REVEALED, SUNK LOW BY HER HEAVY CARGO

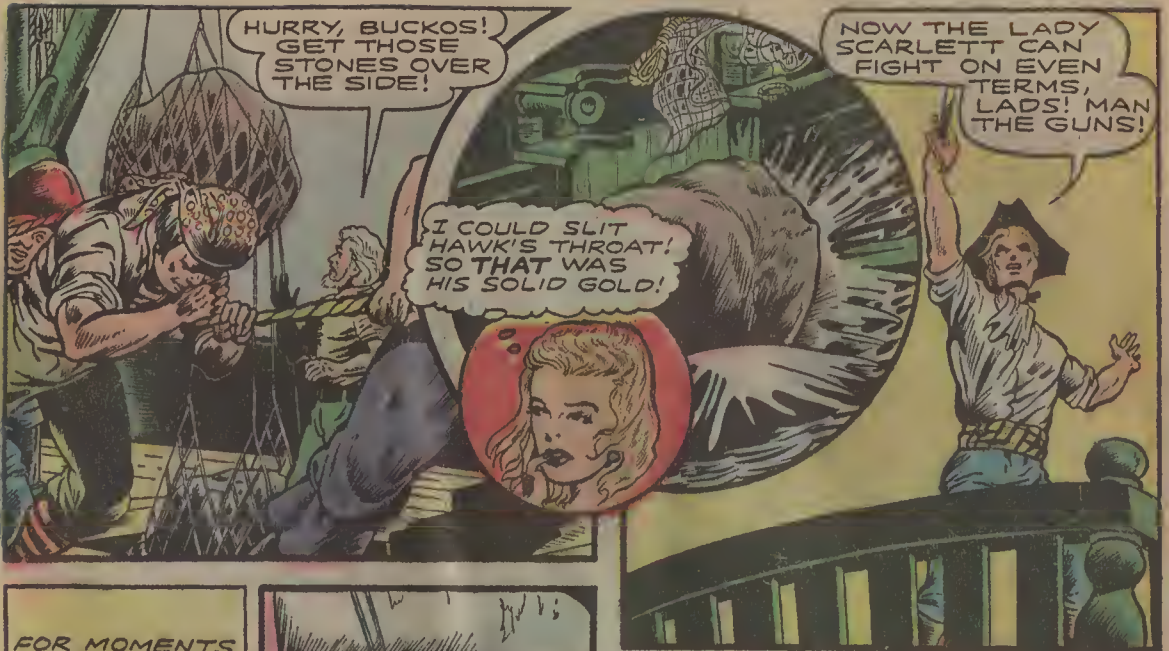
AT THAT MOMENT...

SAIL HO!

JUMBO COMICS



JUMBO COMICS



FOR MOMENTS THAT SEEM HOURS THE BATTLE RAGES. THEN SLOWLY, THE LADY SCARLETT DRAWS ABREAST OF THE PIRATE CRAFT...

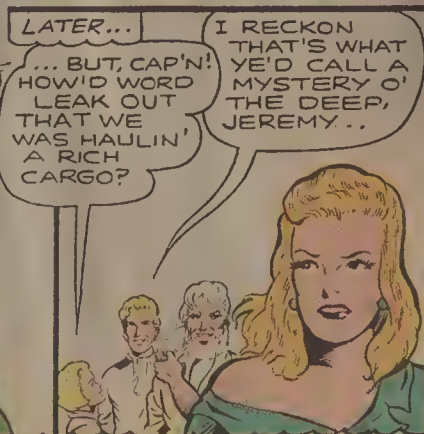
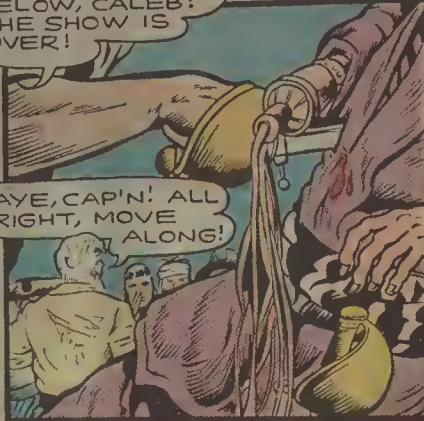
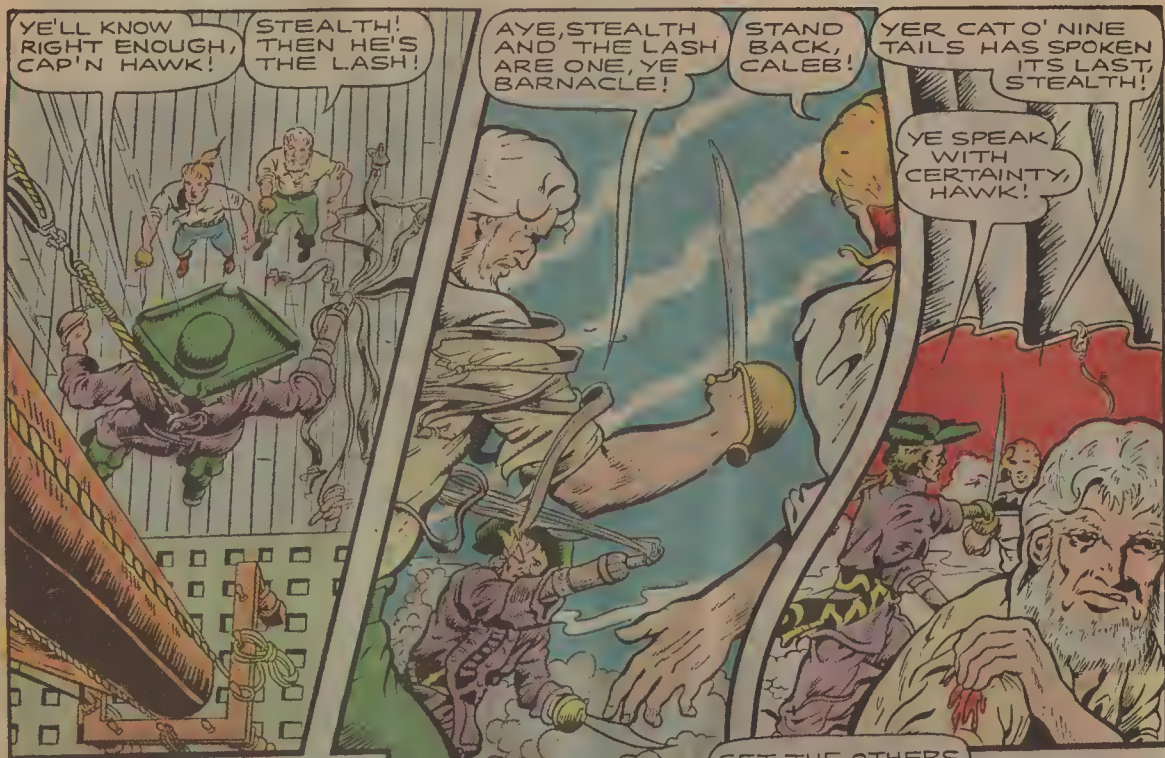


WE'VE BEEN TRICKED, CAP'N! AND THEY'LL BE BOARDIN' US... 'STEAD O' US BOARDIN' THEM!

LET 'EM COME! THE SCURVY BARNACLES MAY BE IN FOR A SURPRISE YET!



JUMBO COMICS



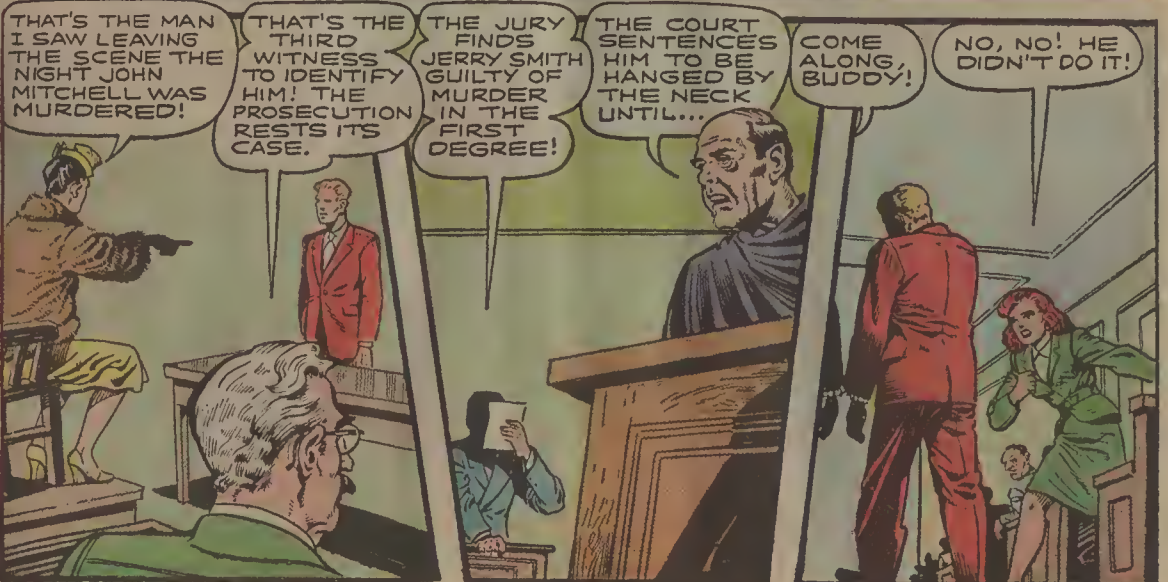
THE HAWK APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comic!

ZX-5

BY
MAJOR
THORPE



IT BEGAN IN A COURT-ROOM WHEN A MURDER TRIAL SUDDENLY CATAPULTED THE GREAT DETECTIVE, ZX-5, INTO THE STRANGEST CASE OF A LONG AND THRILL-PACKED CAREER!



THAT'S THE MAN I SAW LEAVING THE SCENE THE NIGHT JOHN MITCHELL WAS MURDERED!

THAT'S THE THIRD WITNESS TO IDENTIFY HIM! THE PROSECUTION RESTS ITS CASE.

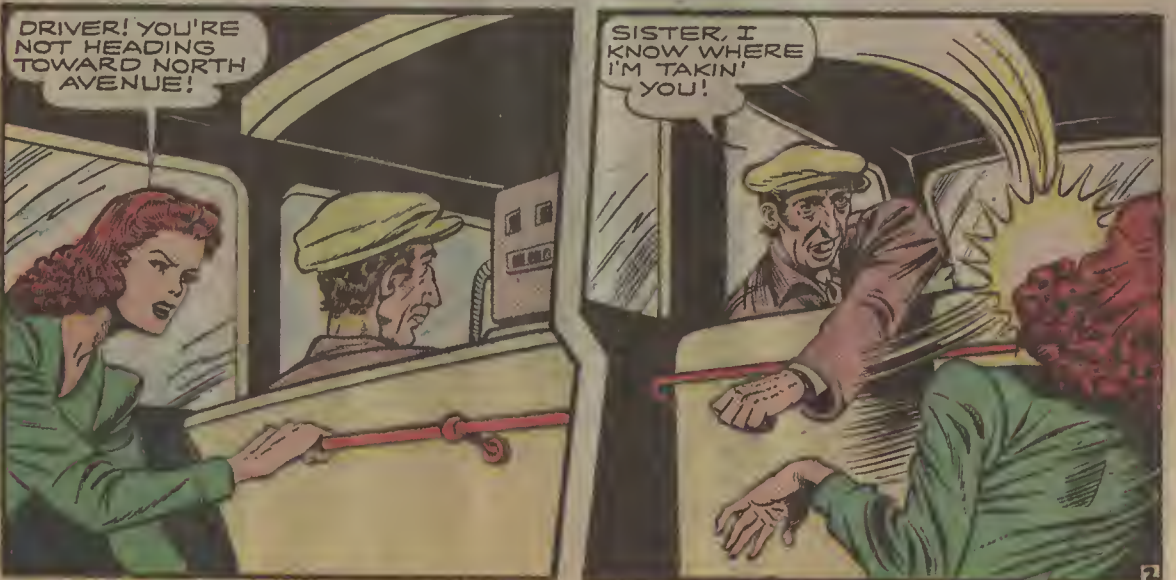
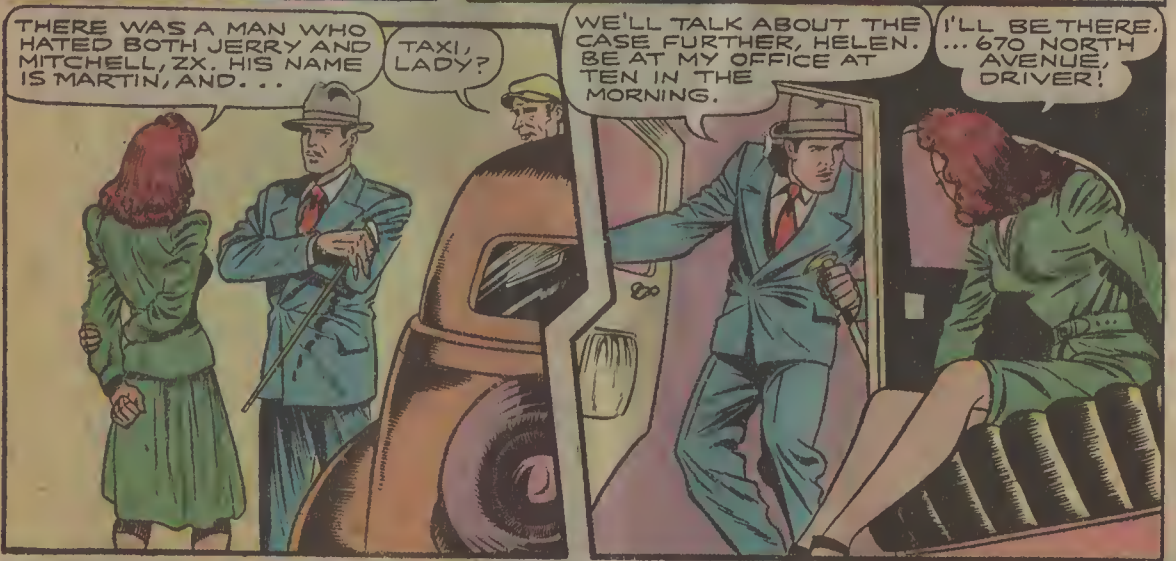
THE JURY FINDS JERRY SMITH GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!

THE COURT SENTENCES HIM TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL...

COME ALONG, BUDDY!

NO, NO! HE DIDN'T DO IT!

JUMBO COMICS



JUMBO COMICS

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

IT'S AFTER TEN, HELEN SHOULD BE HERE. OH, HELLO, MAL, HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT?

WELL, I FOUND OUT THAT THE DEAD MAN AND THIS GUY MARTIN USED TO OPERATE A WAX WORKS TOGETHER...

THEN THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT, AND MARTIN'S FACE WAS HORRIBLY BURNED BY HOT WAX. WELL, MARTIN ALWAYS HELD THE DEAD GUY RESPONSIBLE AND SWORE HE'D GET HIM...

DON'T SEE HOW HE FITS IN AT ALL! THAT WAX WORKS IS NOW OPERATED BY SOMEBODY ELSE...

WELL, THANKS, MAL. I THINK I'LL DROP AROUND AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE PLACE...

HOW ABOUT THE KID, JERRY SMITH?

SO IT'S RUN BY GRAHAM NOW... CERTAINLY ENOUGH PEOPLE IN THIS CASE...

COULD I HELP YOU, SIR? MY NAME IS GRAHAM...

THANKS, I'LL JUST LOOK AROUND...

CHIEF! COULD I SEE YOU A MINUTE?

EXCUSE ME, SIR.

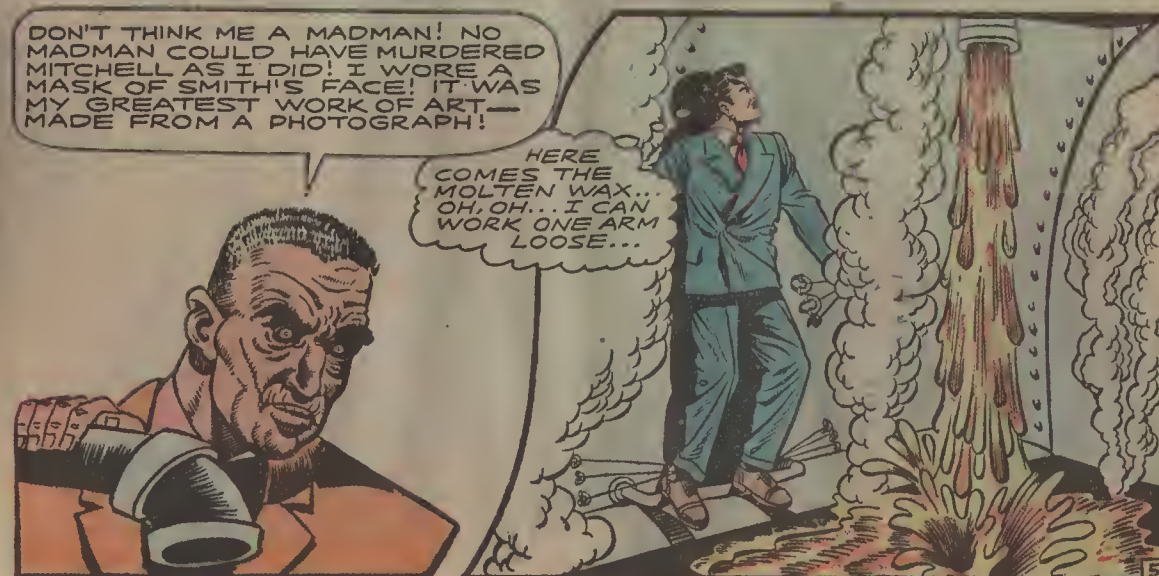
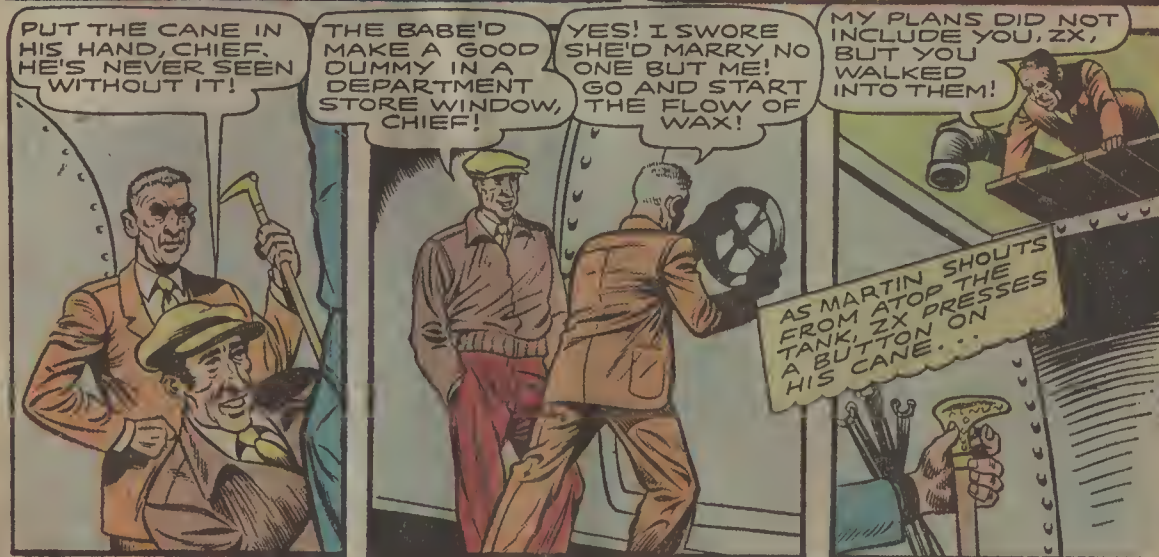
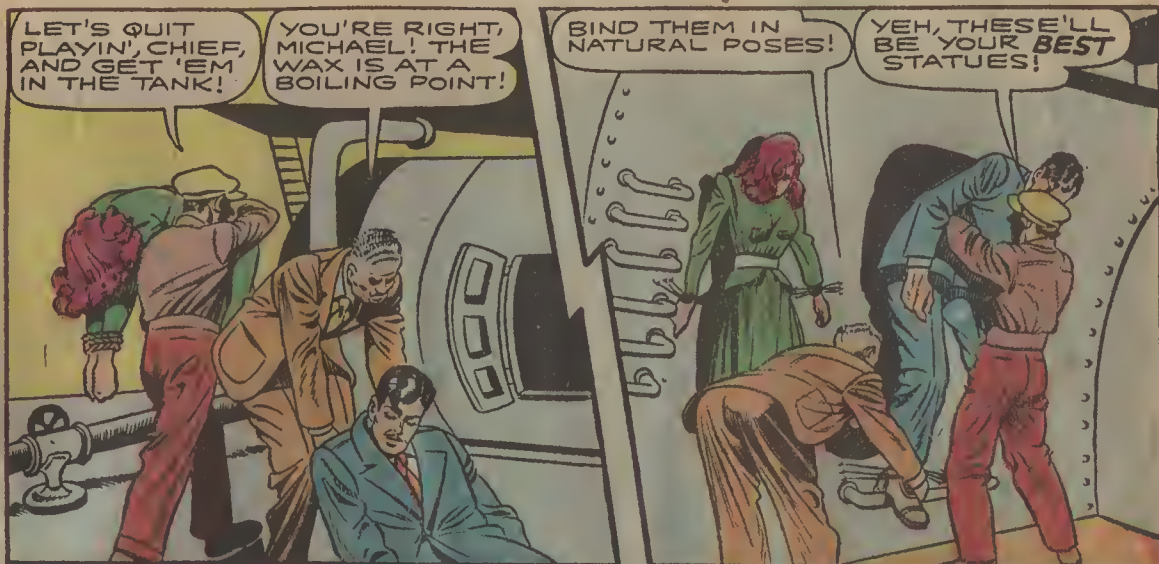
THAT'S ZX-5, TH' GUMSHOE! HE WUZ WITH TH' DAME AT THE TRIAL!

ZX! OHH, IF I CAN ONLY LOOSEN THE GAG!

HMM... THAT CALLS FOR A SLIGHT CHANGE OF PLANS!

JUMBO COMICS





JUMBO COMICS

SO YOU'VE WORKED AN ARM FREE, ZX...

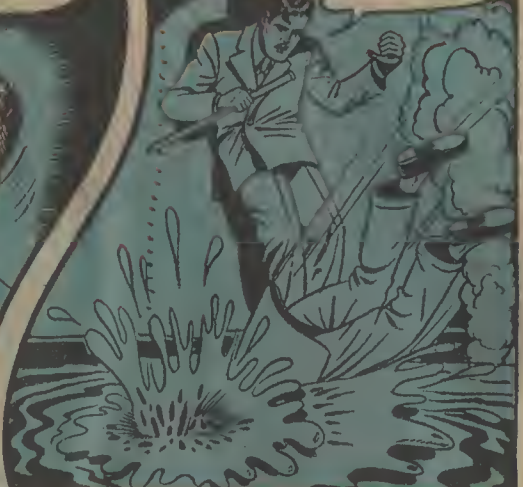


OOOH! THE CANE'S A DART GUN!



THEN...

JUST A MINUTE, HELEN! I'LL HAVE US FREE!



HURRY, ZX! HURRY!

I AM! WONDER WHAT THE COMMOTION IS OUTSIDE...



THOUGHT I'D BEST FOLLOW ZX HERE, BUT WHERE IS HE?

MAL!

DON'T SHOOT!



LOOK!

... SO MARTIN COMMITTED THE MURDER WEARING A MASK OF JERRY SMITH. NOW THAT HE'S DEAD, IT'LL BE TOUGH TO PROVE!

NOT WITH THIS WIRE RECORDING! LET'S GET IT OVER TO THE D.A.'S OFFICE!



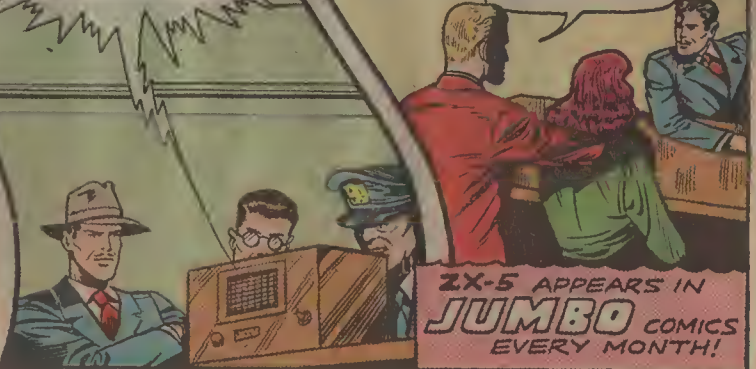
THEN...

... NO MADMAN COULD HAVE MURDERED MITCHELL AS I DID! I WORE A MASK OF SMITH'S FACE! IT WAS MY GREATEST WORK OF ART...

AND LATER...

SO THEY FREED YOU, EH, JERRY? I GUESS THAT D.A.'S OFFICE IS RIGHT ON THE JOB.

QUIT KIDDING ME, ZX. HELEN TOLD ME WHAT YOU DID. WE DROPPED IN TO ASK YOU TO BE BEST MAN!



ZX-5 APPEARS IN JUMBO COMICS EVERY MONTH!

SHEENA AND THE CLIFF DEVILS

By W. MORGAN THOMAS

SHEENA had been gone for several hours now, to confer with a party of white hunters who wished permission to cross her territory, and little Chim had begun to get restless. He crossed the tree hut to where Bob sat fashioning a bowl from a sweet smelling chunk of pine log, and pawed at the man's knee with a brown paw.

Bob smiled at the little chimpanzee. "Hah, small one! You want to leave the tree hut and go into the jungle, is that it? Well, wait until I have finished my carving and perhaps we'll go for a little jaunt. Perhaps we may even go to the cliffs . . ."

It was the carved faces, though, that most interested Bob, the faces etched long ago into the side of the cliffs by the tools of some strange and forgotten tribe. They were huge faces, stretching a hundred feet from ear to ear, and something about their grinning stone mouths bespoke of the evil they might reveal if they could talk.

Sheena never spoke of the cliffs, nor of the faces there, and she had forbidden Bob to even go near the place. He did not think, however, that she would be angry if he satisfied his curiosity just this once. Sheena was Queen of the jungle, and her rule was not disputed, but he knew that she was just and fair in all things. Quickly and skillfully he sent his knife skimming around the lump of pine wood. He would finish the bowl, then he and Chim would have a look at the cliffs. Just one quick, harmless look before Sheena returned.

"Chi—chi—" It was Chim again, poking at Bob's knee. Possibly, had he known Bob's thoughts, he would not have been so anxious to get started. Chim would have dared not disobey Sheena, but in her absence he trusted Bob completely.

Less than an hour later, Bob, with Chim perched on his shoulder, stood on a rocky abutment and peered up in amazement at the stone faces. There they brooded, worn by

centuries of wind and water, grinning through all the years as though they knew some joke which was not intended for the ears of ordinary mortals.

"O-o-h-h Bob. Up here. Look up here!"

It was Sheena's voice!

They could see nothing. Still the voice came again, and without doubt it was the voice of Sheena.

"Up here, Bob. Inside the ear of the great grinning face. Come up, Bob. I need your help. Hurry!"

"Chi—chi—chi—" Chim was puzzled and beginning to get frightened. He clung with both arms to Bob's neck. It was not like Sheena to play such jests on her friend and mate.

"Hold on tight, Chim." Bob pressed against the rough face of the cliff, seeking for a hold by which he might begin the upward climb. Sheena had said she needed his help, and had commanded him to hurry. That was enough. Explanations could wait until later.

"Hurry, Bob, Hurry! I'm in trouble. Hurry!"

Sweat crawled on Bob's brow as he wriggled skyward, seeking desperately with his toes for a tiny ledge which would sustain him and the chimpanzee. Once he glanced down, only to experience a sickening sensation in his stomach at the sight of the canyon floor hundreds of feet below.

Then he was sliding over the smooth lobe of the stone ear. The dark passageway was just ahead and from it there came a musty, fetid smell of corruption and great age.

"In here, Bob." It was Sheena's voice again, speaking softly and from very close by. With Chim holding tightly to him, Bob stepped through the crude opening into a passageway behind the stone ear. It happened then.

Something soft and thick fell over his head, blinding and suffocating him. It seemed to be the skin of some kind of an animal. At the

JUMBO COMICS

same instant a voice laughed cruelly and said, "Tie him up, my people. We have Sheena's mate—and soon now we shall have Sheena!"

Rough hands picked up Bob and Chim and carried them what seemed an interminable distance. When the skin was removed from his head and face he saw that he was on a ledge looking down into the canyon far below. The ledge was one of the eyebrows of the great stone face. And facing Bob, with a group of stalwart warriors behind her, was a lithe, black skinned woman. Her eyes were narrow and cruel and she wore the feathered coat and skirts of a witch doctor.

"I am Malbessa!" She spoke in a high, arrogant tone. White teeth flashed in her dark face. "I rule the cliff people, and the devils in the cliffs obey me. Too long now has Sheena been ruler of the jungle, and I, Malbessa, have sworn to kill her. And you too, fool, when you have served your purpose!"

"B-but Sheena?" stammered Bob. "I heard her. She called me!"

Malbessa laughed. She raised her voice in a call. "O-o-h-h Bob. Up here!"

Bob stared. The voice was Sheena's, but it came from the black woman's throat.

Malbessa whirled on the warriors. "Tie this one up, quickly, and lower him over the ledge. Sheena shall see how I deal with those I do not like."

Bob was bound hand and foot, and with Chim still clinging dolefully to him, was lowered over the ledge by a rope slung beneath his armpits. In a second he was dangling, like a human pendulum, against the stone face and high above the canyon floor. Malbessa looked down at him and laughed cruelly. She put the edge of a knife against the rope. "When Sheena comes we shall show her that Malbessa is merciless. She shall watch you be dashed to pieces on the rocks below!"

But Bob, already racked by pain as the rope cut into him, said nothing. He was watching the cliff above the leering Malbessa, where Sheena was descending by means of her grass rope. Bob prayed that Malbessa would not look up. Sheena was only fifty feet above the black woman now, but suspended

in midair she would be helpless. And those warriors had bows and arrows as well as spears. Bob tried to hold Malbessa's attention, so she would not glance overhead.

"Sheena will slay you! Sheena is a Queen and she will drive you and your people from the cliffs and the jungle. You will all die!" So he taunted her, laughing, to give Sheena time.

Malbessa, however, had seen his glance. She craned her head upward and hissed a command. "Sheena! Quickly—slay her with your arrows. Hurry, fools."

"Ayieeeee!" The cry, shrill with rage and defiance, rang and echoed from the cliffs, and Sheena let go her hold on the grass rope and plunged straight downward for the ledge. Bob gasped. If she missed . . .

Sheena did not miss. Like a tawny skinned cat she came down among the surprised throng. She screamed again and her knife flashed in the sunlight. Warriors turned and fled and Sheena was locked in combat with Malbessa. They fell and rolled to the very edge of the stone platform, writhing and straining to plunge their knives into each other. Once Malbessa was atop of Sheena, her knife stabbing downward, and Bob turned his glance. If Sheena were to die . . .

Then came the scream. He looked just in time to see Sheena, in one mighty convulsive effort, hurl Malbessa out into space. The black woman, her face contorted in terror, screamed as she passed the dangling Bob on her way toward the stones below and death.

Sheena did not speak until they were all back in the tree hut. Bob and Chim waited for the flood of her anger, but when she smiled they sighed with relief. Not this time would she give them a tongue lashing.

Her voice was gentle. "You disobeyed Sheena—and evil came. Had I not returned sooner than expected, and followed your spoor, you would have died. Perhaps even Sheena would have died. But in jungle law it is written that all mortals make mistakes, and that they learn from them so they may attain wisdom. And wisdom, Bob, is that in the jungle it is Sheena who knows best."

"Chi—chi—," said little Chim, as though he had known that all along.

SKY GIRL

BY
BILL
GIBSON

INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES HAS DECIDED UPON A BEAUTY CONTEST TO SELECT MISS SKYWAYS. FIRST PRIZE: ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS AND A DATE WITH THE FAMOUS MOVIE STAR, GERALD MUCHMAN. SO...

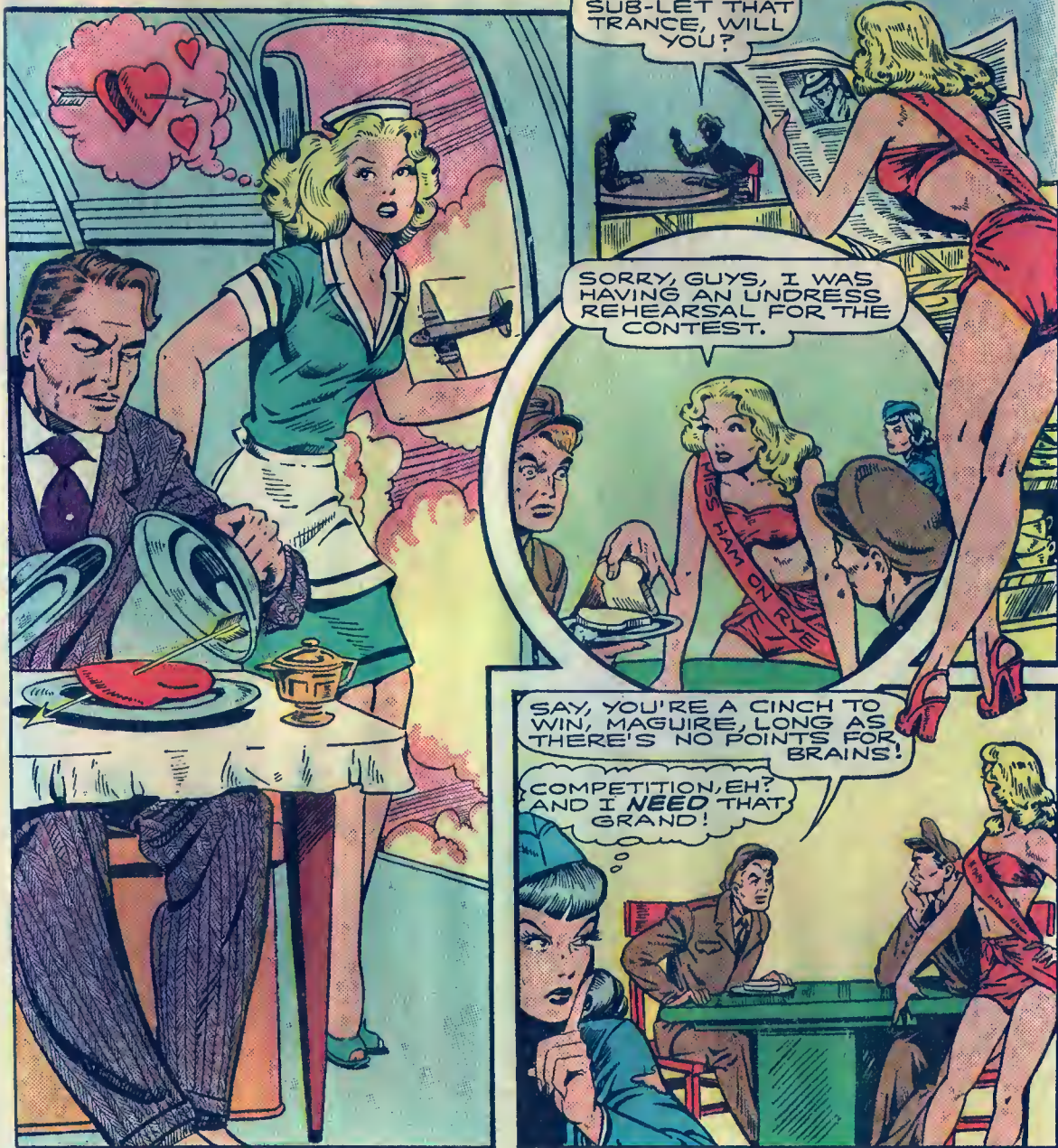
GOSH, WOULD I LIKE SOME SOFA SOLO TIME WITH HIM! I JUST **HAVE** TO WIN!

HEY, MAGUIRE! SUB-LET THAT TRANCE, WILL YOU?

SORRY, GUYS, I WAS HAVING AN UNDRESS REHEARSAL FOR THE CONTEST.

SAY, YOU'RE A CINCINCH TO WIN, MAGUIRE, LONG AS THERE'S NO POINTS FOR BRAINS!

COMPETITION, EH? AND I **NEED** THAT GRAND!



SKY GIRL

BY
BILL GIBSON

INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES HAS DECIDED UPON A BEAUTY CONTEST TO SELECT MISS SKYWAYS. FIRST PRIZE: ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS AND A DATE WITH THE FAMOUS MOVIE STAR, GERALD MUCHMAN. SO...

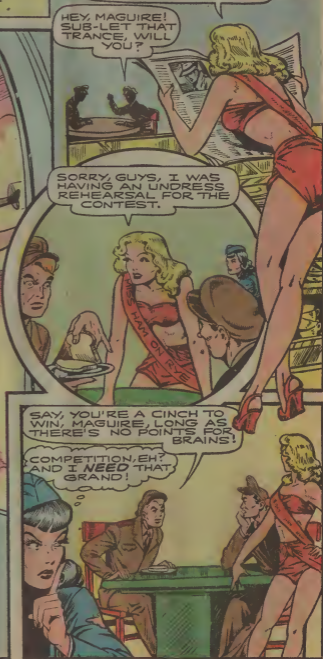
GOSH, WOULD I LIKE SOME SOFA SOLO TIME WITH HIM! I JUST **HAVE** TO WIN!

HEY, MAGUIRE! SUB-LET THAT TRANCE, WILL YOU?

SORRY, GUYS, I WAS HAVING AN UNDRESS REHEARSAL FOR THE CONTEST.

SAY, YOU'RE A CINCINCH TO WIN, MAGUIRE, LONG AS THERE'S NO POINTS FOR BRAINS!

COMPETITION, EH? AND I **NEED** THAT GRAND!



JUMBO COMICS



JUMBO COMICS



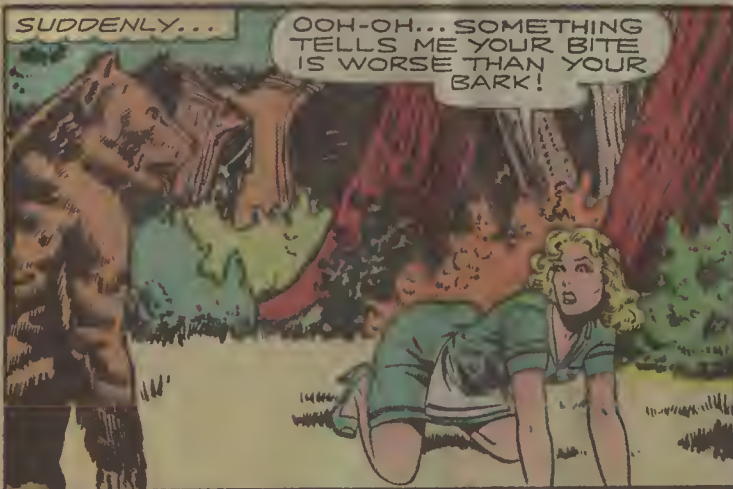
AND I SEEM TO BE MAKING RAPID PROGRESS. TOO DARN RAPID!



THE RIP-CORD, OF COURSE. THAT'S ALMOST AS SILLY AS FORGETTING TO PAINT YOUR FINGERNAILS.



THIS IS ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT THINGS, BUT... SAY, WHAT'S THAT RUSTLING?



SUDDENLY...

OOH-OH... SOMETHING TELLS ME YOUR BITE IS WORSE THAN YOUR BARK!



SCRAM, BRUIN! I'VE BEEN HUGGED BY EXPERTS. AH! THERE'S A LIGHT IN THAT CABIN.

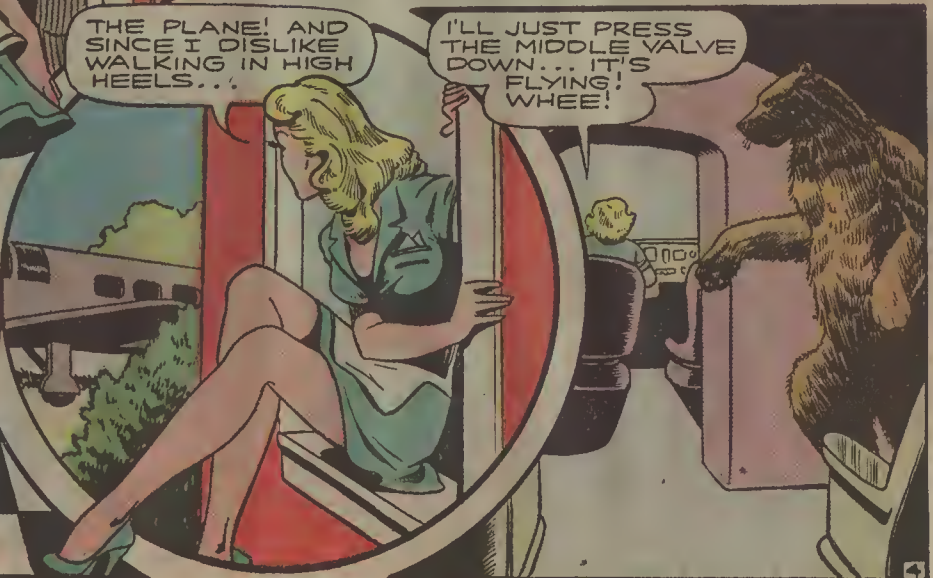


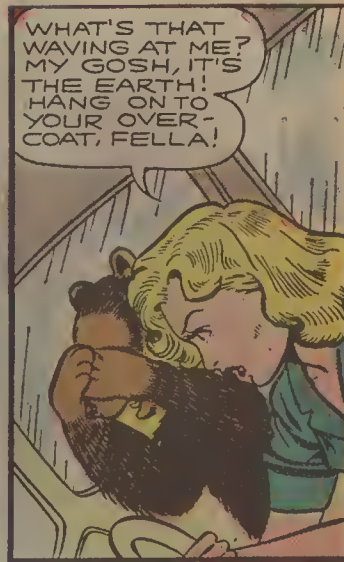
OPEN UP, PLEASE! I'M NOT SELLING ANYTHING, HONEST! I'VE ALREADY WORKED MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE!



CONFOUND IT, DASHER, THE STRONG-ARM DEPARTMENT IS YOUR END. HERE, TAKE HER!

JUMBO COMICS

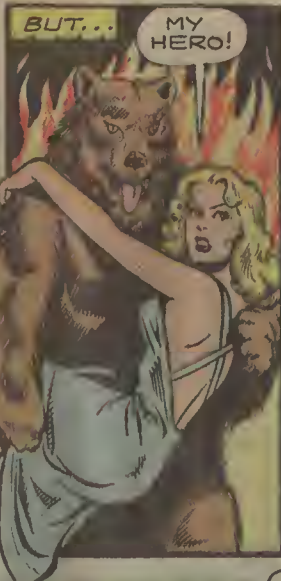




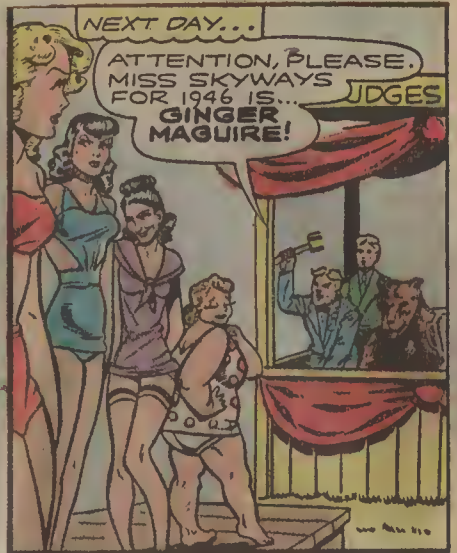
JUMBO COMICS



SUDDENLY... POOR GINGER! SHE'LL BE BURNED LIKE HER OWN TOAST!



BUT... MY HERO!



NEXT DAY... ATTENTION, PLEASE. MISS SKYWAYS FOR 1946 IS... **JDGES** GINGER MAGUIRE!



YIPPEE! A DATE WITH GERALD MUCHMAN PLUS A THOUSAND BUCKS!



OKAY, BABE, PAY OFF! ONE KIDNAPPING AT TWO HUNDRED CLAMS, AND ONE SLUGGING AT FIFTY, TOTAL: TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.

SCRAM!



NOW I GET IT! AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT!

LAY OFF! THAT'S A BRAND NEW PERMANENT!



SOON...

THANKS FOR TAKING CARE OF MY PET BEAR, MISS MAGUIRE. HE WANDERED OFF LAST NIGHT.



THAT NIGHT... GERALD MUCHMAN WITH A STYLISH STOUT, WIFE AND THREE KIDS! AND I'LL NEED A THOUSAND BUCKS TO BUY A NEW HOUSE! EVEN THOUGH I WON, I'M STILL AN ALSO RAN!

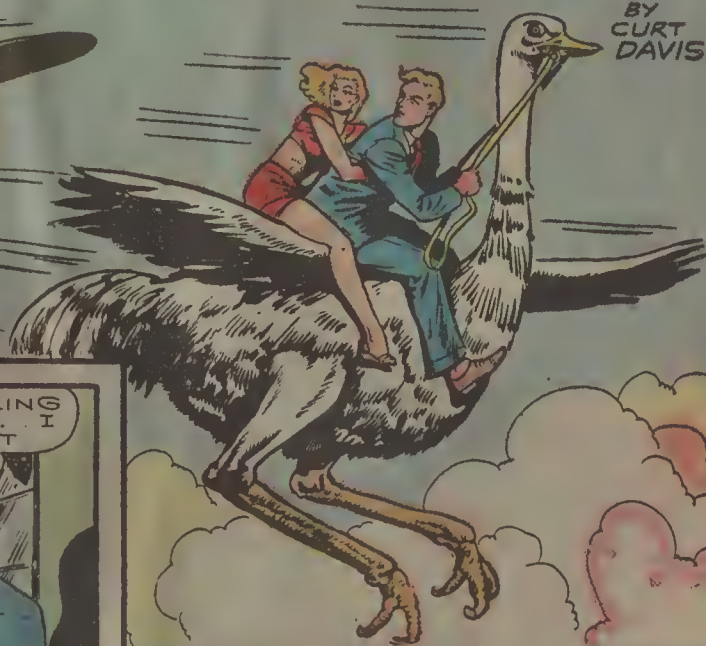
MORE OF SKY GIRL IN THE NEXT **JUMBO Comics!**

Stuart **TAYLOR** in WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL



STU'S LAST TRIP INTO THE FUTURE RESULTED IN HIS RETURNING WITH A 1975 BELLE THREE'S A CROWD IN ANY GENERATION, SO ----

BY
CURT
DAVIS



STUART TAYLOR, I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME. I WANT YOU TO SEND THAT 1975 CREATURE BACK TO HER OWN ERA!



WELL, MAYBE I AM GOING BACK HOME TO 1975, BUT I DON'T LIKE TO GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT AN ESCORT!

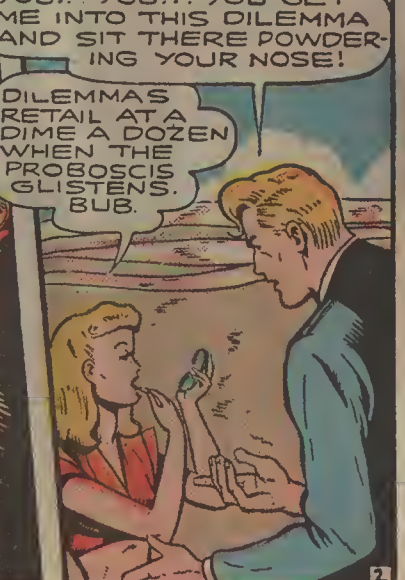
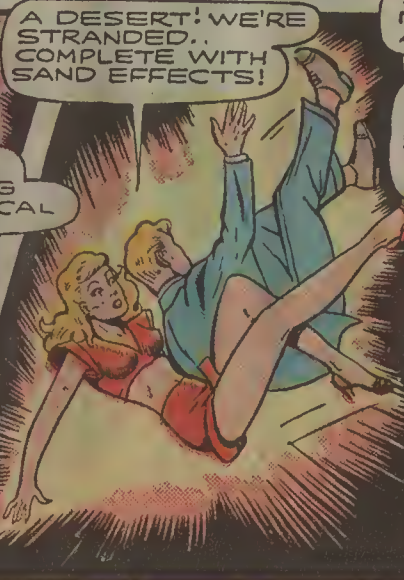
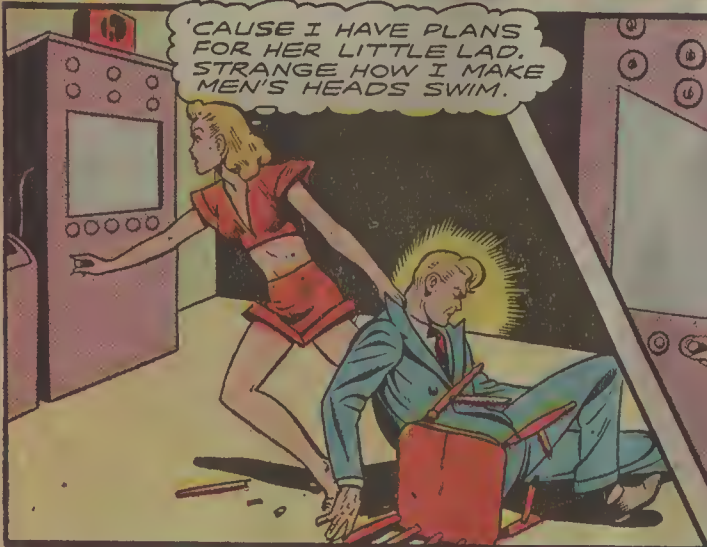
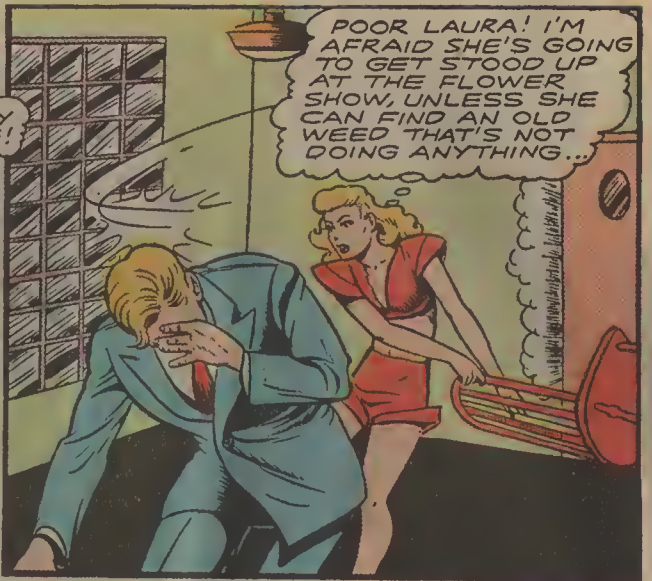


OKAY, OKAY, I'LL GET RID OF HER!

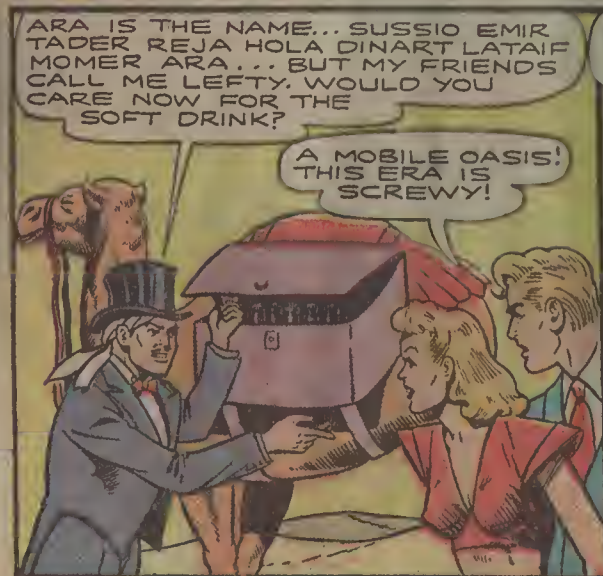
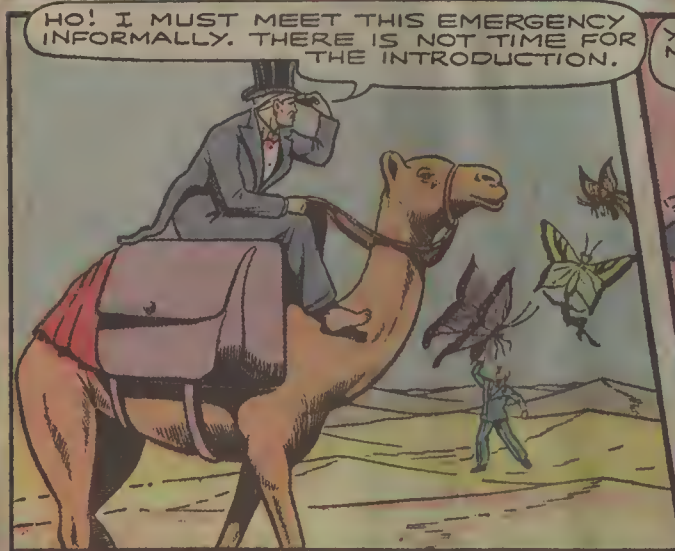
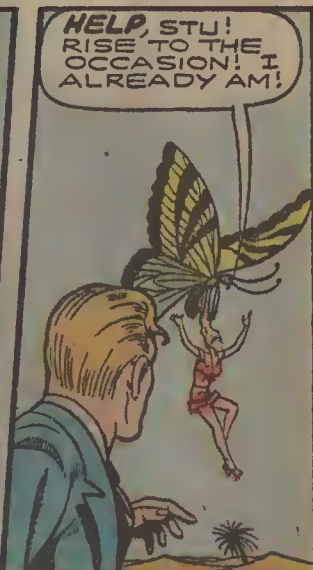
SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, EH?



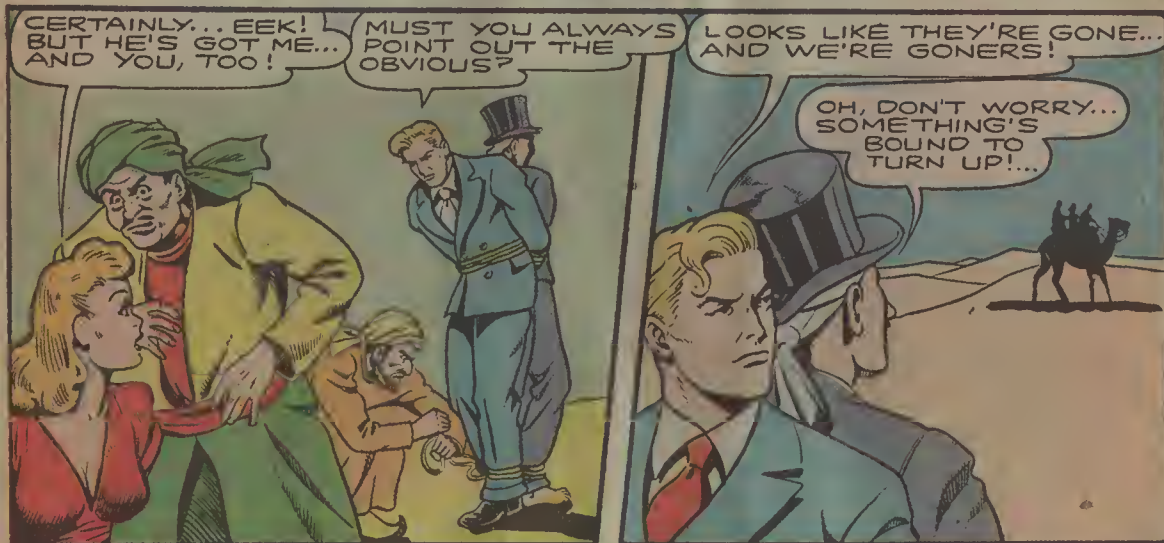
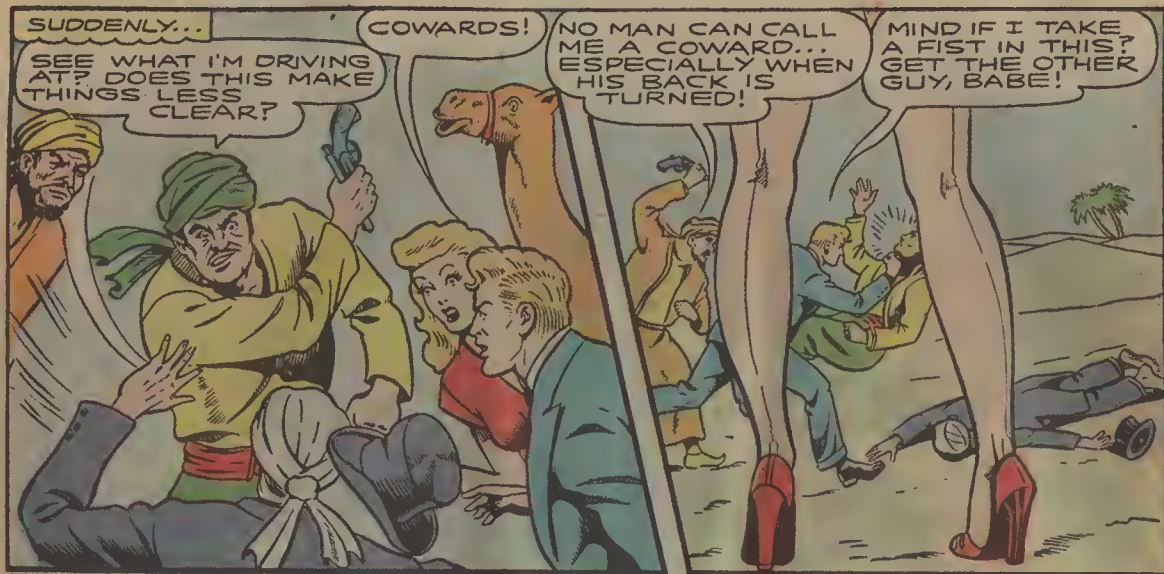
JUMBO COMICS



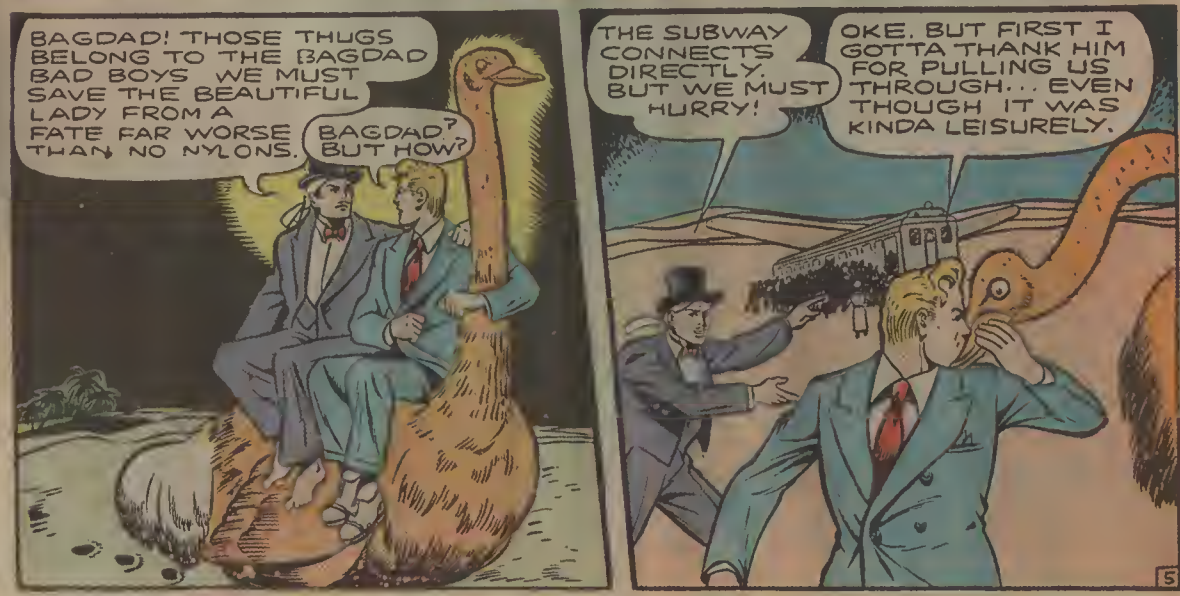
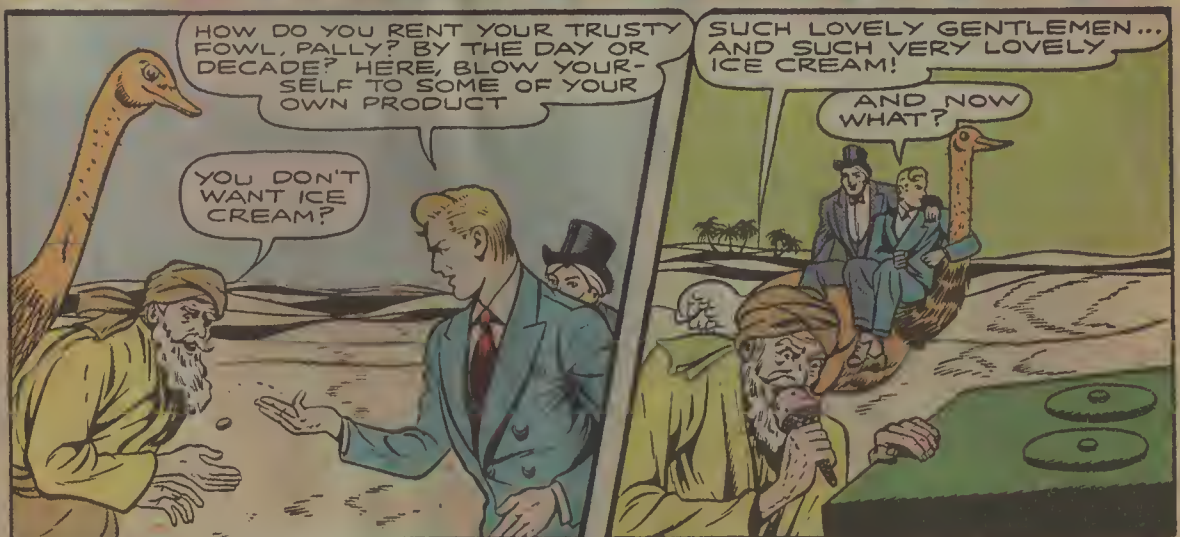
JUMBO COMICS



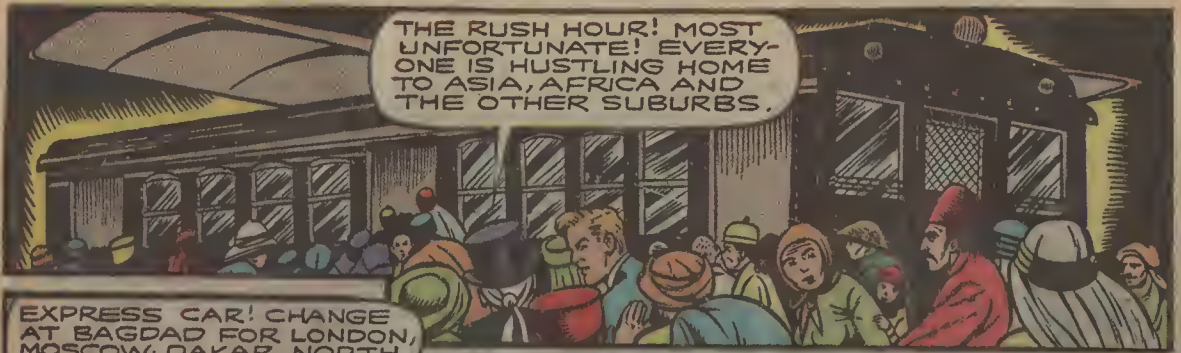
JUMBO COMICS



JUMBO COMICS



JUMBO COMICS



THE RUSH HOUR! MOST UNFORTUNATE! EVERYONE IS HUSTLING HOME TO ASIA, AFRICA AND THE OTHER SUBURBS.

EXPRESS CAR! CHANGE AT BAGDAD FOR LONDON, MOSCOW, DAKAR, NORTH POLE AND ALL OTHER LOCAL STOPS!



FIRST TIME I EVER FELT AIR-SICK IN A SUBWAY!



NO MATTER. WE APPROACH BAGDAD NOW.

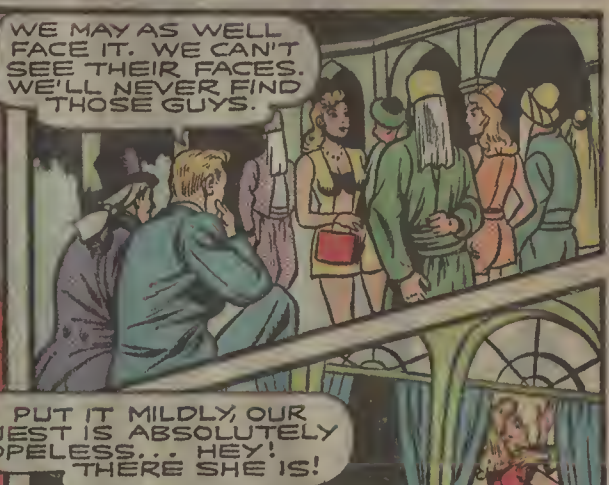
HURRY, STU, THERE IS MUCH TO BE DONE!



JUST AS SOON AS I TEACH THIS GUY TO STAND ON HIS OWN TWO FEET.



WHAT TH... ALL THE GUYS WEAR VEILS! WE'RE OUT OF LUCK!

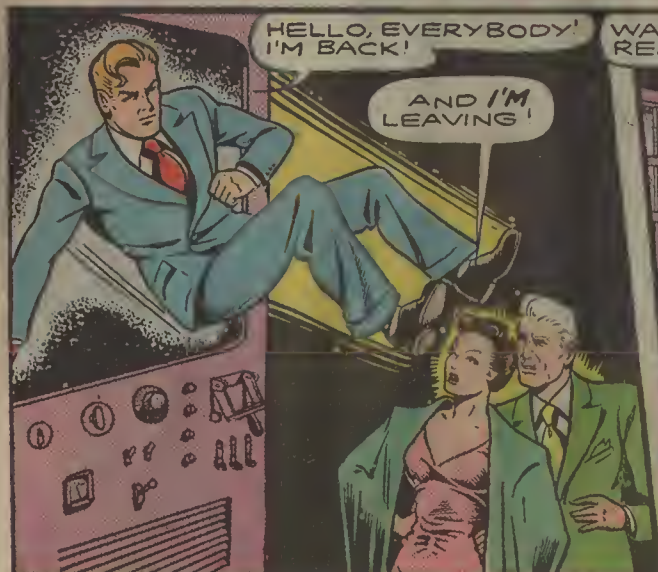
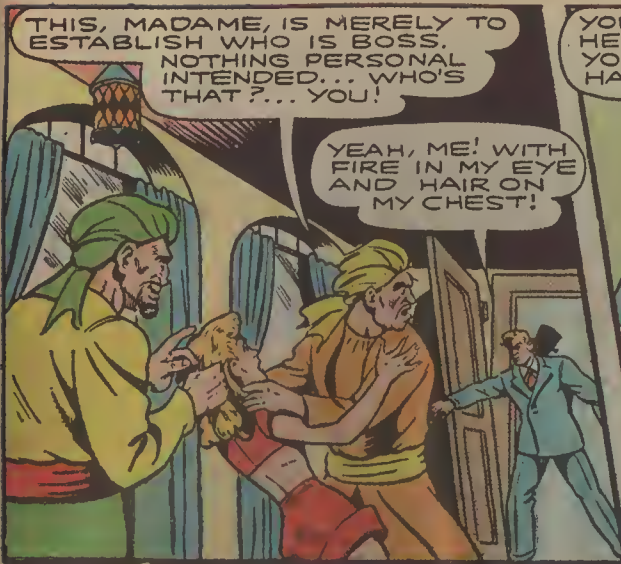


WE MAY AS WELL FACE IT. WE CAN'T SEE THEIR FACES. WE'LL NEVER FIND THOSE GUYS.

TO PUT IT MILDLY, OUR QUEST IS ABSOLUTELY HOPELESS... HEY! THERE SHE IS!



JUMBO COMICS



STUART TAYLOR in every issue of **JUMBO** Comics!

THE GHOST GALLERY

BY DREW MURDOCH

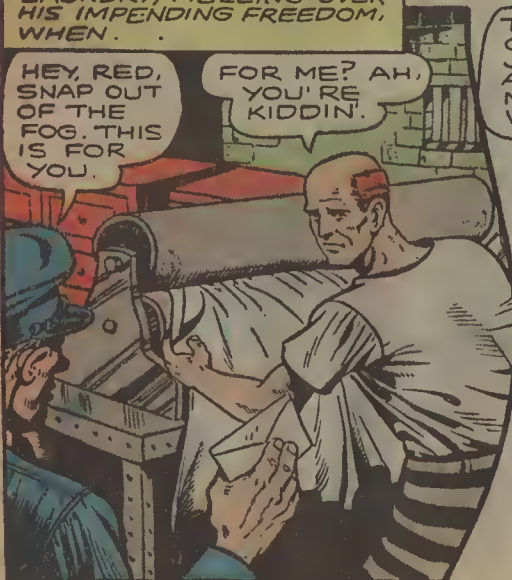


FOR NINETEEN YEARS AND TEN MONTHS, RED DAFFRON HAD KEPT HIS SLATE CLEAN. AND NOW, WITH BUT TWO SHORT MONTHS TO SERVE, HE SWORE THERE WAS NO POWER ON EARTH THAT COULD FORCE HIM TO SPOIL THAT RECORD. HE WAS WORKING IN THE PRISON LAUNDRY, MULLING OVER HIS IMPENDING FREEDOM, WHEN.

HEY, RED, SNAP OUT OF THE FOG. THIS IS FOR YOU.

FOR ME? AH, YOU'RE KIDDIN'.

THIS MUST BE SOME-ONE'S IDEA OF A JOKE. I DON'T KNOW ANYONE WHO'D SEND ME A TELEGRAM. WELL, I'LL BITE.

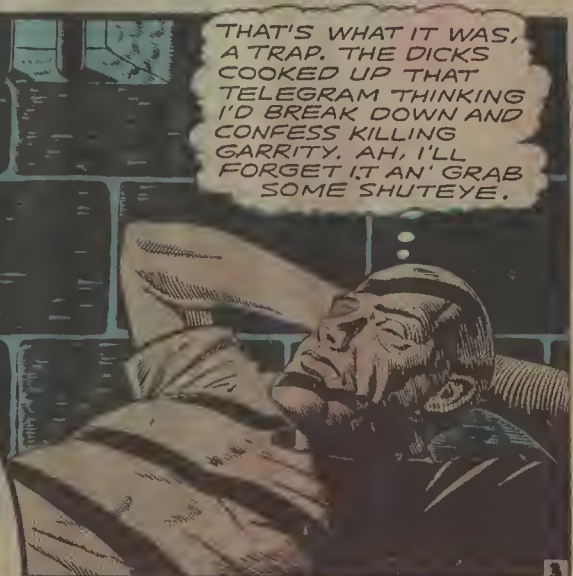
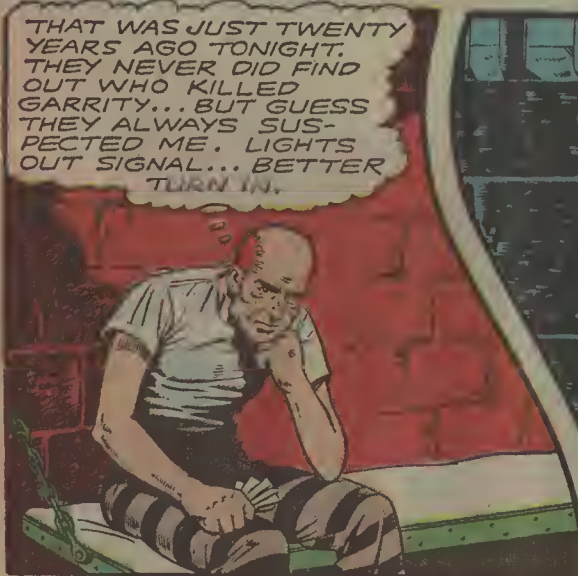
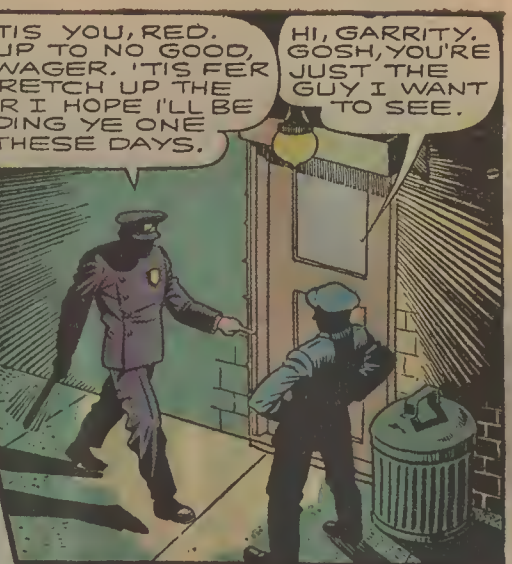


TELEGRAM

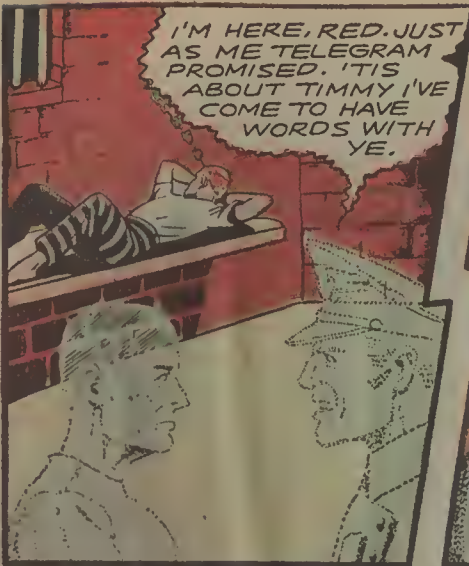
RED DAFFRON,
STATE PRISON
TIMMY IN DANGER
I WILL DROP AROUND
TO TALK IT OVER
WITH YOU.

GARRITY.





RESTLESSLY, RED TOSSED AND TURNED ON HIS BUNK. HE JUST COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT TELEGRAM AND GARRITY. BUT, FINALLY, SLEEP CLAIMED HIM, AND...



I'M HERE, RED. JUST AS ME TELEGRAM PROMISED. 'TIS ABOUT TIMMY I'VE COME TO HAVE WORDS WITH YE.

'TIS A FOINE JOB THE LAD HAS, RED. BUT 'TIS TROUBLE HE'S HEADIN' FER. AND 'TIS YERSELF MUST HELP HIM... I CAN'T!

BUT, GARRITY... WHAT CAN I DO?



YOU KNOW I'VE STILL GOT SIXTY DAYS TO SERVE... WHAT! WHY, IT WAS JUST A DREAM.



BUT... BUT... YOU'RE STILL THERE, GARRITY? NO, YOU CAN'T BE... YOU'RE DEAD!

I AM THAT, RED. AND 'TIS HELP I BE NEEDIN'. TH' BOYS ARE MAKIN' A BREAK AN' HAVE SHORT CIRCUITED THE WIRES SO THE AUTOMATIC LOCKS ARE TRIPPED.



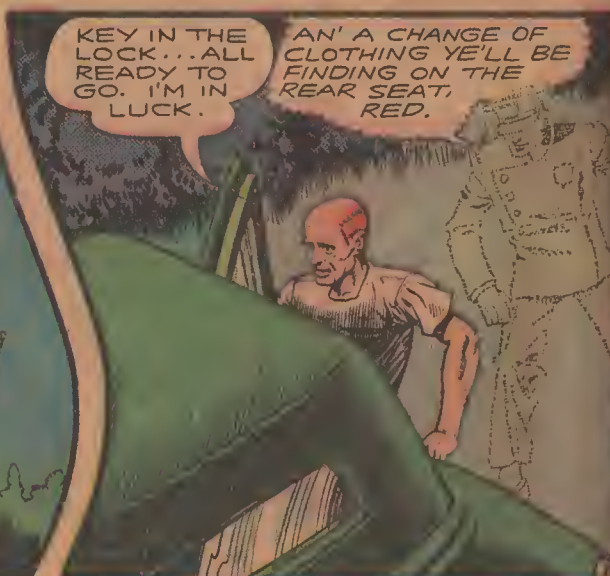
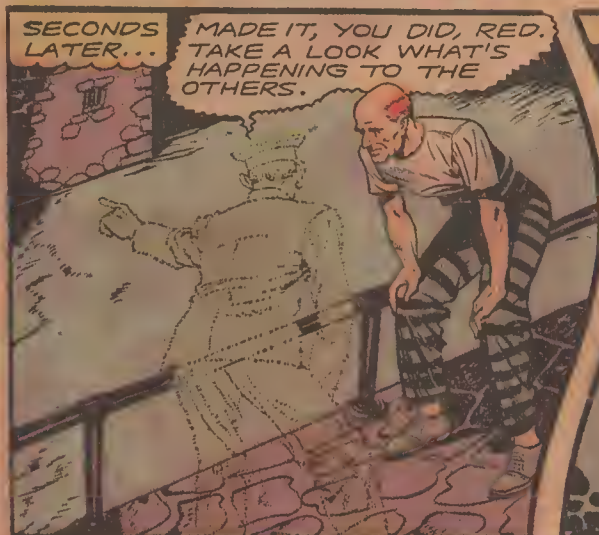
BUT, GARRITY, I'VE ONLY SIXTY DAYS TO SERVE... THEN I'M FREE

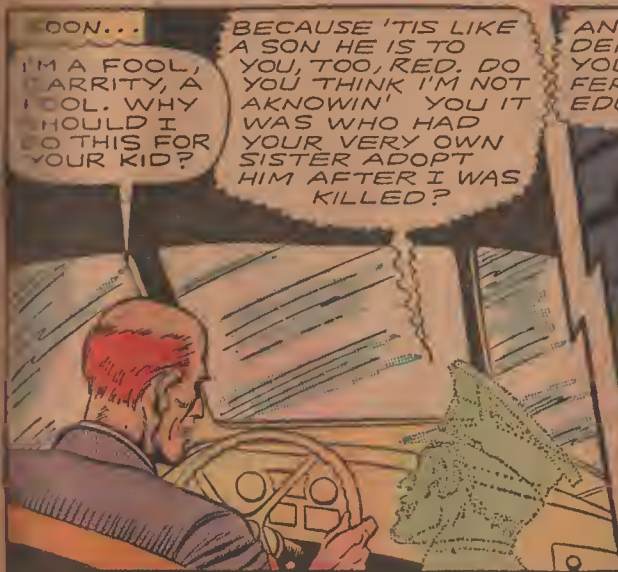
JOIN THEM YOU MUST, RED. SEE, THE DOOR'S OPEN... C'MON!



OKAY, GARRITY, YOU WIN. HERE GOES!







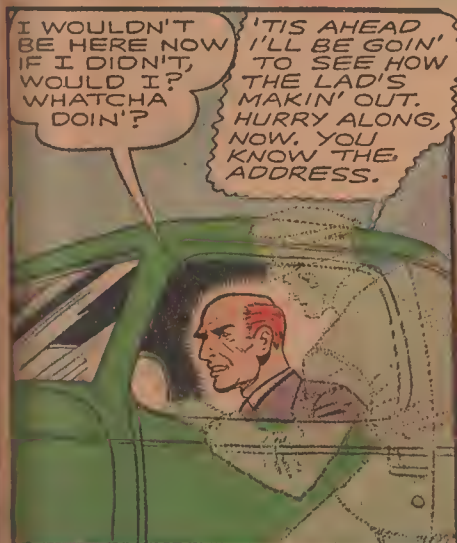
...DON...
I'M A FOOL,
GARRITY, A
FOOL. WHY
WOULD I
DO THIS FOR
YOUR KID?

BECAUSE 'TIS LIKE
A SON HE IS TO
YOU, TOO, RED. DO
YOU THINK I'M NOT
AKNOWIN' YOU IT
WAS WHO HAD
YOUR VERY OWN
SISTER ADOPT
HIM AFTER I WAS
KILLED?

AN' BE YE
DENYIN' 'T WAS
YOU WHO PAID
FER HIS
EDUCATION,
RED?



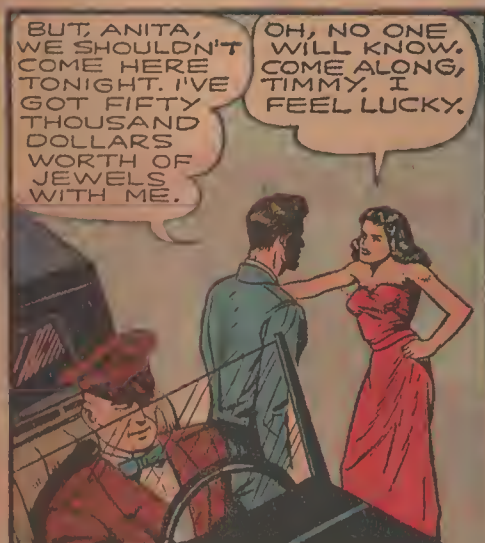
AW... CUT
IT, GARRITY.
SURE... SURE...
I LIKED THE
BOY.



I WOULDN'T
BE HERE NOW
IF I DIDN'T,
WOULD I?
WHATCHA
DOIN'?

'TIS AHEAD
I'LL BE GOIN'
TO SEE HOW
THE LAD'S
MAKIN' OUT.
HURRY ALONG,
NOW. YOU
KNOW THE
ADDRESS.

GRIMLY, RED
CLUTCHED
THE WHEEL
AND THE
HUGE CAR
ROARED
DOWN THE
ROAD. BUT
PRECIOUS
MINUTES
WERE
TICKING
BY, AS
AHEAD..



BUT, ANITA,
WE SHOULDN'T
COME HERE
TONIGHT. I'VE
GOT FIFTY
THOUSAND
DOLLARS
WORTH OF
JEWELS
WITH ME.

OH, NO ONE
WILL KNOW.
COME ALONG,
TIMMY, I
FEEL LUCKY.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE
JEWELS. DAD COULDN'T
SEE THEM TONIGHT, BUT
HE WILL TOMORROW. AND
I'LL MAKE HIM
BUY THEM.

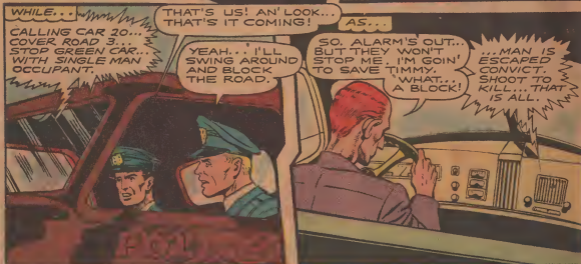
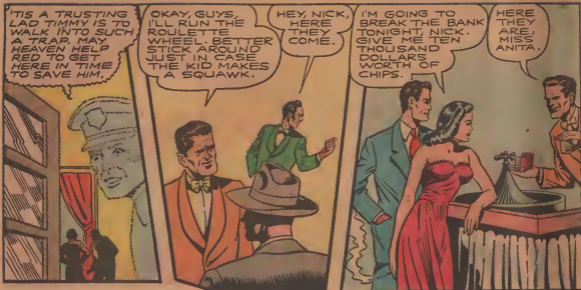
WELL,
IF YOU
THINK
IT'S ALL
RIGHT.

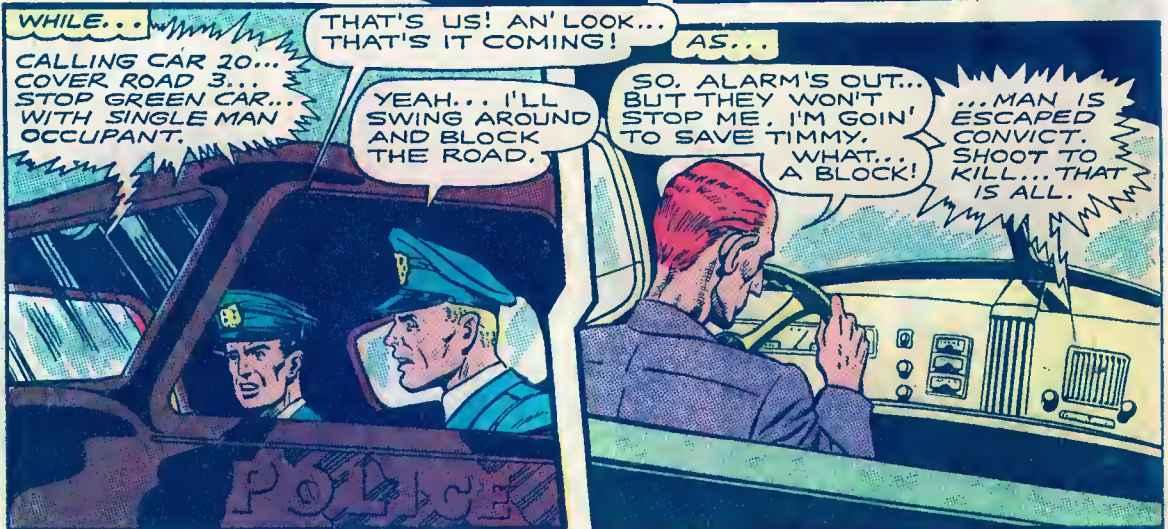
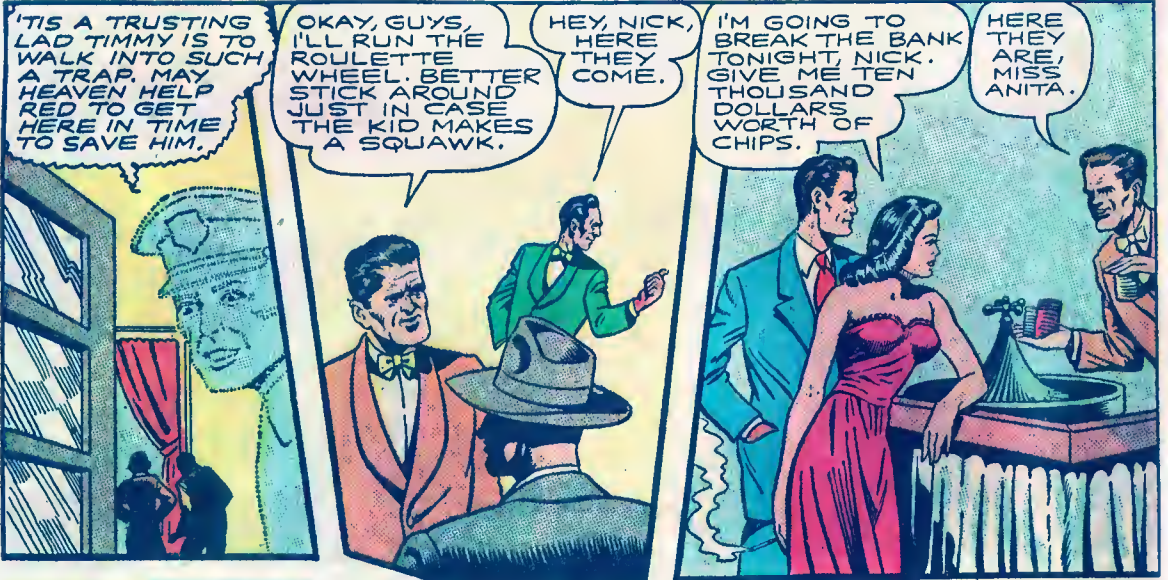
Casino
FLOOR SHOW
NITELY.



INSIDE...

SHE'S HOOKED HIM,
NICK. WE'LL TAKE
THE SUCKER
TO THE
'CLEANERS'.





WHILE...

GOTTEN LUCK, LOST. GIVE ME THE JEWELS, NICK. NICK'LL GIVE ME FIFTY THOUSAND ON THEM.

COME, NOW. OF COURSE YOU CAN. I'LL GIVE YOU MY CHECK IF I LOSE. ANYWAY, DAD'LL PAY YOU FOR THEM IN THE MORNING.

FIFTY THOUSAND, MISS ANITA, HERE YOU ARE. I'LL PUT THE SPARKLERS IN MY SAFE.

GOSH, ANITA, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T.

THE JEWELS... WHY... I CAN'T DO THAT, ANITA.

WELL...IF YOU THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT.

I'LL RIDE IT ALL ON THE BLACK, NICK!

AS OUTSIDE... NOTHING COULD STOP ME FROM GETTING HERE... NOTHING.

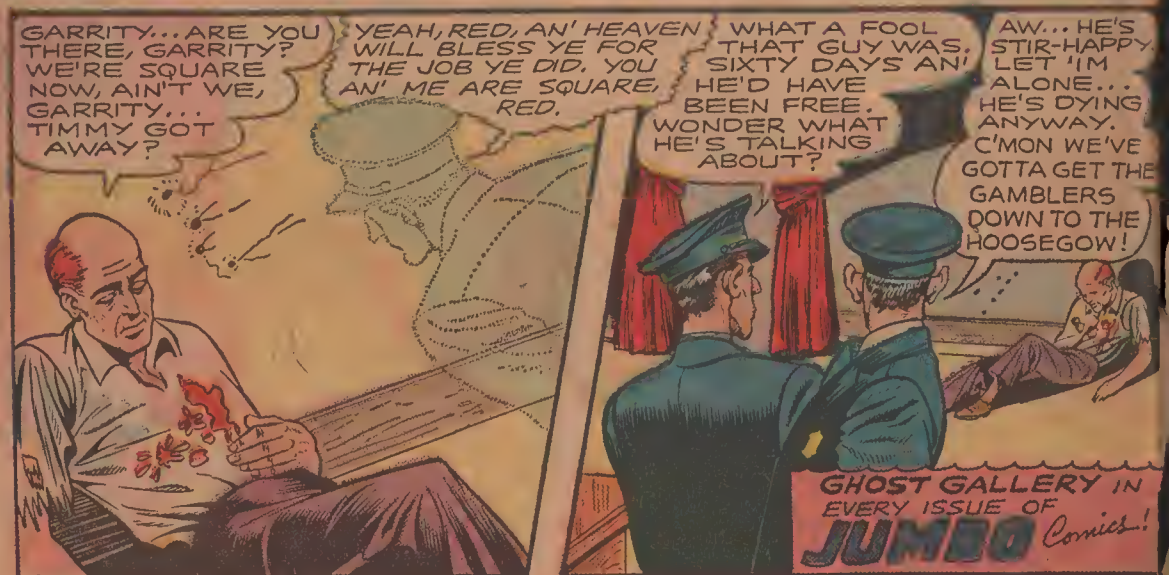
GLORY BE... 'TIS HERE YE BE AT LAST, RED. AN' JUST IN TIME, TOO. THE GAL JUST LOST HER BET.

WHERE IS HE, GARRITY? LEAD ME TO 'IM.

YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME BACK THE JEWELS, NICK. WHY WON'T YOU TAKE MISS ANITA'S CHECK? OHHH!

SHADDUP. I DON'T TAKE CHECKS, AND I DON'T TAKE LIP, GET IT? HEY... WHAT THE...

STICK-UP, EH? BLAST 'IM, MEN!



THIS EASY WAY TEACHES PIANO

Without Music!

If you want to quickly learn how to play the piano...if you want to play song hits, waltzes, marches, hymns, two steps, red hot numbers and western songs like "Don't Fence Me In"... here's amazing news.



You May
Play Any Song in 10 Days
Without Being Able to Read a Note!

Now at last Mr. Dave Minor has perfected a wonderfully easy play-by-ear piano course that must teach you piano playing in only 10 days or no cost. No scales, no long exercises. You start playing songs from the first lesson, and so soon it's amazing... you're playing the piano surprisingly well. Mr. Minor's sensational successful home instruction course is complete. It contains the pictures, all the instruction, everything you need. The complete course sent for your inspection, trial and approval.

NO LONG HOURS
PRACTICING SCALES
OR EXERCISES...

**PLAY SONGS
FIRST DAY**

DAVE MINORS SONG BOOK

Act now and get, in addition to Dave Minor's famous Complete Home Course that teaches piano playing quickly without music, his wonderful new 72-page song book of 50 songs you quickly learn to play the Dave Minor Way. Mail the coupon below.

For 1 OFFER
ONLY **\$1.49**
COMPLETE

SEND NO MONEY

Make This Conclusive 10-Day Test

Fill in the coupon and mail it today. Send no money. When Dave Minor's play-by-ear piano course arrives just deposit \$1.49 plus postage through postman. There is nothing more to pay. Inspect your course

thoroughly, see how simple yet thorough it is. Follow it for ten days. Then, if you aren't actually playing the piano and playing it well, if you aren't entirely satisfied and delighted with your discovery, return the course and get your money back. Piano playing is more popular than ever. **DON'T WAIT BUT WRITE TODAY!** If you act now you will receive (without extra cost) the wonderful, big 72-page Dave Minor song book of 50 songs you quickly learn to play the Dave Minor play-by-ear method or money back. Get in on this 2 FOR 1 OFFER NOW, because it may be withdrawn at any time due to present conditions.

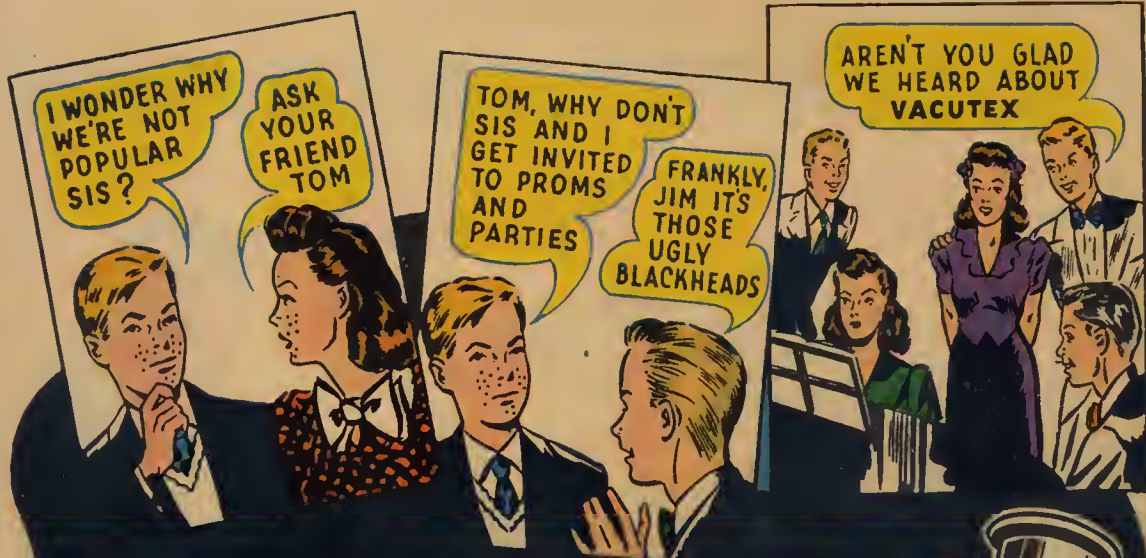
JUST FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY

DAVE MINOR, Dept. 11-L
230 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Send your complete "Play-by-Ear" Course of 25 lessons. Also 72-page Piano Song Book at no additional cost. I'll pay \$1.49 plus C. O. D. postage on arrival on your positive guarantee I may return course in 10 days for full refund. (Send \$1.49 with order and Dave Minor pays postage.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

DAVE MINOR Dept. 11-L, 230 East Ohio Street
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS



UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT IN SECONDS

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Invention. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.



Only
3
EASY
STEPS

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. A-2209
19 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage
My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
- ☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage.
(Same guarantee as above.) **SORRY NO C.O.D.'s**

OUTSIDE U. S. A.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & ZONE _____ STATE _____

RUSH COUPON

10 DAY TRIAL

BALLCO PROD. CO.
19 W. 44th St., N. Y. C. 18